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## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

*Rambles in Italy, in the Years 1816 and 1817.* By an American. 8vo. Baltimore [Maryland]. 1818.

If this work is really the production of "an American," it affords an exceedingly favourable specimen of the present literature of the United States. So many British subjects go to that country, exhibit their talents in various ways, and call the United States "*their* country," that the doubt we suggest will be excused\*. We are far, in the mean time, from intending to insinuate that there are not *real* natives of the United States who are capable of producing a work like the present, and perhaps works of much higher merit; and we confess that it has always been an object of interest with us, to observe the sentiments of persons born in the other hemisphere, in regard to the many very novel scenes with which such persons are presented on their arrival in Europe. The following extract is recommended by the peculiarity of which we are speaking, and is written with some neatness as well as ornament. It is free both from the grammatical and verbal blunders, and the bombastic forms of expression, which too commonly disfigure the writings of the United States. The passage has beside the advantage of affording, by the contrasts which it draws, pictures of Italy and of the United States respectively:—

\* Of the number alluded to, one is Mr. Bristed, the author of a recent publication, entitled "*America [the United States] and her Resources.*" This gentleman, of whom we have had the pleasure to enjoy some small personal knowledge in New York, has suffered himself to be naturalized in the United States, and his book evinces a glowing satisfaction in the rising fortunes of the foreign soil; but it ought not to be omitted to mention, to his honour, that he has never lost his filial feelings for his native country. His first work, entitled, "*The Resources of the British Empire,*" was designed to check the too ardent expectations of those, who, with Mr. Jefferson at their head, reckoned upon the immediate decay or overthrow of our body politic; and his second work, mentioned above, (of which we may also say, that it has much accuracy and intelligence) is every where fraught with views kindredly loyal. He writes as a monitor, not as an enemy.

"To an American, whose eye has been uniformly accustomed to the lakes, rivers, and forests of the new world, the general aspect of Italy, at first, is not striking, nor even pleasing. The magnificent features which nature has given to America, cast into the shade the comparatively diminutive beauties of Italian scenery. Vineyards, and plantations of olives, make but a poor figure, when compared with the rich verdure of our interminable forests; and the Tiber and the Arno, though renowned in song, would shrink into rills, by the side of the Hudson\*, or the Potomac†. He remembers with what an overflowing hand Nature has poured out her riches in the soil of the new world; and he is unable to reconcile the general appearance of Tuscany and Romagna, with the idea of a country on which nature has bestowed her gifts with lavish profusion. He contrasts, too, the fallen magnificence and languid air of her cities, with that increasing prosperity and promise of future greatness that is every where visible in America.

"Whilst his mind is wholly occupied with this comparison, he is apt to overlook circumstances, in the present condition of Italy, which endear her to the classic mind. He, perhaps, does not reflect how long this soil has been trodden down by the foot of man; how long it has yielded its annual tribute to the labours of the husbandman; how long it has been fatigued by the toils of glory; how often armies of barbarians, rushing from its mountains, and more withering in their progress than Alpine blasts, have swept over the surface of this fair peninsula! Every where it exhibits scars of human violence; every object announces how long it has been the theatre of man's restless passions; every thing bears evidence of its complete subjection to his power. The moral and intellectual grandeur of Italy, like that of her architectural monuments, is mutilated and faded. Her civil and political institutions are exhausted and decrepid, and are hastening to their extinction, by a rapid declension. Yet, in this land, where the works of art and human policy are bowed

\* Hudson's river. Of the landscape of Hudson's river, particularly at the spot called the Highlands, an agreeable anecdote is related in a former Number of the LITERARY JOURNAL, in one of the Letters from North Wales.—REV.

† Mr. Moore, with a little assistance from Milton, has given us, in his Odes and Epistles, two striking lines concerning the Potomac:—

"O great Potomac! O you banks of shade!  
O mighty scenes, in Nature's morning made!"

REV.

beneath the weight of years, nature is still as youthful as in the golden age; and, as if she delighted to display her creative energy, and her imperishable dominion, on the very spot where time has levelled the structures of art, the ruins of palaces and temples are dressed in the choicest offerings of Flora, and the twice-blossoming rose of Pæstum glows with undiminished beauty in the midst of scenes of decayed magnificence, and smiles on the brow of desolation.

"Reflections of this kind, when they have their full operation upon the mind, have a tendency to diminish the force of those early impressions which are apt to render an American insensible to the charms of this interesting country. His taste, without losing any of its discriminating power, becomes more vigorous and enlightened; a new species of beauty is unveiled to his perceptions, and a source of refined enjoyment opened, as soon as he learns to subdue the influence of early habits and local associations.

"In America, the prodigal fertility of nature, and that colossal greatness, by which she has distinguished the features of the new, from those of the old continent, divert the attention from her more delicate and concealed charms. Untutored by art, she riots with a juvenile vigour, and plays 'her virgin fancies' uncontrolled. She is an artist who, negligent of lesser graces, astonishes even the dullest observer by a creative brilliancy. But there are, in the scenery of Italy, latent and refined beauties, which only the eye of taste can discover.

"Our country\* is not picturesque. How often, in attempting to delineate her inimitable form, has the hand of the artist fallen

\* "Our country." This is a favourite Transatlantic phrase. An Englishman, speaking of England, says, "England," or "*this country*;" and it is the same with all the other natives of Europe. A Frenchman, indeed, from his complimentary habits, in speaking of France, slips in the epithet "*beautiful*," as, in speaking of God, he gratefully commemorates his attribute of "*goodness*;" *la belle France*; *le bon Dieu*; still, it is *la France*, and not *notre pays*. The peculiar idiom of the United States, in the mean time, is more characteristic—hangs more to all the rest that distinguishes the country—than may, at a first thought, be supposed. In Europe, too, we say, "*our country*," and "*notre pays*;" but the occasions are different. In Europe, we wait for great sentiments. In the United States, every thing that is great is pressed into every day's service, and by that means rendered little.—REV.



in despair? This, in my opinion, constitutes the principal distinction between our Trans-atlantic scenes, which defy the imitation of the pencil, and those of a country, whose natural beauties lie within a narrow compass, are heightened by classical and moral associations, and have an appearance of being purposely arranged for the canvass.

"A gentleman, for whose judgment and taste I have the highest esteem, told me, at Messina, that he could not overcome his dislike to the naked and exposed appearance of Sicily and Calabria, which convinces me how difficult it is for an American to resist the influence of associations formed at a period of life when the sensibilities are unworn, and the heart and the imagination peculiarly susceptible of impressions from external objects. The land of Sicily and Calabria, composed as it is, for the greater part, of lava, wears, at a distance, the appearance of sterility. But this illusion is corrected upon examining more narrowly the properties of the soil, and the rich variety of plants and flowers it spontaneously produces. A drapery more luxuriant would be prejudicial to its beauty; extensive forests would obstruct the views of the outline of the distant mountains, or conceal the surface of a country gracefully diversified by hills and valleys, and dressed by the hand of cultivation. Poussin and Claude Lorraine might here have studied the theory of their art; so harmoniously combined are all its features, and so happily blended are the colours of the sea, the land, and the sky, to please the eye and enchant the imagination. Having doubled the southmost point of Calabria, the country of Theocritus presents itself before you. The cerulean\* waves that encircle it, appear still to be the favourite haunt of sea-gods and syrens, and its enchanting shores still seem to echo with the complaints of the despairing Galatea. The dark luxuriant foliage of the orange, intermixed with the pale verdure of the olive, and the large flowering aloe, which displays its broad leaves upon the summits of the nearest hills, form the principal features of the Sicilian shores, while, opposite, Calabria stretches to the foot of the snowy Appenines its rich fields and vineyards, gay with country houses and villages. Contrasted with these scenes of delicious repose, is the busy city of Messina, its port crowded with Levant ships, and its mixed population, diversified with Moorish and Asiatic costumes, collected in groupes on the quay, or basking in the sun, and, as is the custom of the south, alternately re-

lapsing from a state of vigorous exertion into a state of unmanly indolence.

"This country has an aspect of such sweetness and innocence, that you would suppose it to be the residence of angelic natures. But in the bosom of this soil, so pregnant with flowers, are nourished earthquakes and volcanoes; and this people, so gentle and so blandishing, are the descendants of those who conceived and executed the horrid tragedy of the Sicilian vespers."

*An Answer to a Charge against the English Universities, contained in the Supplement to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia.* By J. Kidd, M.D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford. 8vo. 1818.

WHETHER this little pamphlet be of sufficiently dignified dimensions to entitle it to a place in a "*Review of Books*," may perhaps be doubted. Amid the many ponderous and appalling quartos, to which the fruitful press is yearly giving birth, the modest merits of a publication like this, with little more than eighteen pages, and without even a blue paper back to cover the nakedness of its title page, are too likely to remain unnoticed. But as in men, so in books, greatness and goodness, merit and magnitude, are far from being convertible terms; and we have read these few pages with feelings of peculiar interest, excited partly by local attachments, and partly by our sincere admiration for those ancient institutions which have long been the nurseries of English genius.

Our Universities have frequently had to encounter the objections of ignorance and jealousy. Some years ago, when the University of Oxford was assailed by Northern criticism, there arose an advocate, whose learning and ability did equal honour to himself and to the seminary which he vindicated. The affectionate zeal of Copleston, in defence of that University, has since been rewarded, and will long be gratefully remembered by her children. The sister establishment of Cambridge has been exposed to similar attacks, founded on the same illiberal spirit and the same imperfect knowledge of our system of academic education.

The present vindication of the Universities was occasioned by a charge brought against them by an individual who deservedly holds a high rank among the professors of practical chemistry. In a dissertation, written by Mr. Brande, and prefixed to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, that gentleman has attempted to decry the English Universities, by asserting, that there, "Chemistry, as a branch of education,

is entirely neglected, or, what is perhaps worse, superficially and imperfectly taught." In answer to this objection, Dr. Kidd proposes to inquire, first, to what extent chemistry ought to be cultivated, as a branch of education, in an University like Oxford; and secondly, what degree of attention is actually paid to it. In the latter consideration, the author confines himself to the state of chemical knowledge in his own University, adding his conviction, that if a successful defence can be made out for Oxford, it may still more easily be made out for Cambridge.\* We shall present our readers with a few extracts:—

"It is evident, then, to those who reflect on the subject, that the whole tenor of an academical education, so far at least as intellectual endowments are concerned, regards the general improvement of its members rather than their qualification for any particular profession: and hence the trite objection, so often even now brought forward, that the physical and experimental sciences are here neglected, can only proceed from want of candour or of information. For a liberal and enlightened mind would readily allow, that though the discipline of classical and mathematical studies is well calculated to form the ground-work of excellence in the physical and experimental sciences, the converse of this is by no means true; witness the deficiency, both with respect to taste and reasoning, in the literary productions of individuals, whose fame in other points ranks high in the scientific and professional world.

"The physical and experimental sciences, then, are not neglected in this place. They are not cultivated, indeed, to the same extent as in some other schools; but they are cultivated so far as is compatible with the views of a system of general education: and hence the object of the lecturers in the several branches of those sciences is, rather to present a liberal illustration of their principles and practical application, than to run into the minutiae of a technical or even philosophical detail of facts."—pages 6, 7.

"Undoubtedly Lord Bacon did not look forward to those easy triumphs over the mysteries of the material world, which some seem to expect from the inductive method. He only maintained, what I believe no one is now disposed to deny, that without induction, founded on experiment or observation, no advances could reasonably be expected in the physical sciences: but a mind imbued so deeply with the spirit and matter of ancient learning was not likely to overlook the advantages to be derived from the discipline of a classical education. And if superiority of in-

\* "To those who have navigated the Mediterranean, it is perhaps unnecessary to remark, how much deeper and more vivid its colours are than those of the ocean. In the neighbourhood of Sicily, I have seen it of a deep violet colour, and have frequently remarked the same appearance in the Adriatic. Hence Virgil's '*mare purpureum*,' Lord Byron's '*purple ocean*,' expressions the beauty and propriety of which are not easily understood by an inhabitant of the north of Europe."

\* By the premature end of Mr. Tenant, that university sustained a loss which cannot easily be repaired. The present professor, however, though of unequal reputation, is, we believe, a gentleman of great merit and promise.



telle be shewn in the choice of those experiments or observations on which induction is to rest, (and this, I think, no one will attempt to controvert) it is in the highest degree probable, that the same mind will be more or less successfully exerted in the prosecution of any particular branch of science, in proportion as its powers have been previously exercised in the discipline of general education; not! indeed, that education can communicate new powers to the mind, but that it improves those which it naturally possesses, and enables it to direct them at once to the most appropriate points of observation. In saying this, however, I do not mean to disparage those self-elevating powers of extraordinary talents which occasionally are found to supersede the necessity of any education, being at once the master and scholar of themselves.

"If, indeed, Mr. Brande had asserted that chemistry was imperfectly cultivated by the generality of the members of the English universities, he would doubtless have asserted a truth; and a truth, of which the reason is sufficiently obvious: since nearly 99 out of every 100 there educated, are destined, not for the profession of medicine, nor for commerce, but for the church, or the bar, or the diplomatic departments of the state. I would ask, therefore, any reasonable person, not whether it is likely, but whether it would be desirable, that the preparation for such grave and important duties should be interrupted by more than a passing attention to pursuits which can only be hereafter cultivated as a liberal relaxation from severer studies and engagements? But if, in after-life, the intervals of more important duties should afford sufficient leisure for the cultivation of natural science, there is no reason why it may not be cultivated: and there are those among the members of this university, and I am proud in reckoning some of them in the number of my nearest friends, who have thus contributed to the advancement not only of chemistry but of other branches of natural knowledge."—pages 9, 10, 11.

There is an incidental remark in the course of these pages to which we cannot help directing the attention of our readers:—

"With respect to chemistry, indeed, it is the opprobrium of that science, if science it may even yet be called, that though it has at once dazzled and ameliorated the condition of the world by the discoveries of philosophers like Davy, Scheele, and Wollaston, it has, in some respects, debased the character of philosophy itself. It has been the means of elevating to the title of philosophers a host of individuals whose talents were just equal to that species of inductive reasoning, the nature of which has been of late years so egregiously mistaken, and its importance so absurdly maintained."—page 8.

This reflection must have occurred long ago to many readers. It is amusing to hear the epithets of "intelligent,"

"enlightened,"\* and "scientific" gravely bandied about among the swarm of obscure sciolists, who put in their confident claims to public respect. The titles of professor and philosopher are become little less threadbare, from frequent use, than that of "gentlemen," of whom it was said, many years ago, by Sir Thomas Smith, that "they be made good cheap in this kingdom." Thus we have every gradation of professor, from Mr. Brande, professor of chemistry, to Mr. Jackson, professor of the "noble art of self-defence;" and every skilful botanist, or industrious collector of butterflies and black-beetles, wears about him the honours and additions of philosophy with ludicrous self-complacency.

The author subjoins a Syllabus of his Course of Chemical Lectures, in order that the reader may form some opinion of the extent and arrangement of the subject, as it is treated in the University of Oxford.—At the close of the pamphlet, Dr. K. takes occasion to mention two passages which have occurred to him, among others, in the ancient authors, indicating "an early state of knowledge in parts of natural philosophy connected with chemistry." The first of these is from Plutarch, and shows that a property of the torpedo, communicated by a gentleman to the Royal Society, December 5, 1816, was well known to that writer†. The second is a conjecture of Lucretius on the separate nature of light and heat, which was some years since announced by Herschel:—

Forsitan et roseâ sol alté lampade lucens  
Possideat multum cæcis fervoribus ignem  
Circum se, nullo qui sit fulgore notatus,  
Æstiferum ut tantum radiorum exaugeat ictum.  
Lib. v. l. 609—612.

With deference, however, to Dr. K., these lines of Lucretius contain a lucky guess rather than a well-founded conjecture, and no more deserve to pass for an "indication of early knowledge," than the passage in Dante's *Purgatorio* describing four stars which have since been discovered near the South Pole:

"I'mi volsi a man' destro e posi mente  
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle  
Non viste mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente."‡

Such is the substance of this small

\* Our readers will smile to hear that even Sir A. Davy has descended to talk about "enlightened calico printers at Dublin." See Introduction to his *Chemical Philosophy*.

† The fact alluded to, is, the transmission of a shock through a stream of water poured upon the torpedo (*Nxpxn*).

‡ We met with this coincidence in a book, to which our memory will not allow us immediately to refer.

but interesting publication; and our readers will observe, that it derives additional weight from the rank and reputation of the author. To us, indeed, the English universities appear admirably adapted to advance the object for which they were founded. The period of three years, previous to the admission to a degree, without being so long as to intrench upon the business of after-life, is long enough to enable the student to collect a very valuable stock of knowledge, and to lay the foundation of future excellence. The avenues to learning and science are there opened to him, and where the disposition or capacity to learn is not wanting, every inducement is offered and every facility supplied. By the study of the approved writers of antiquity he imbibes elegance of taste, or he acquires useful habits of discrimination by the severer discipline of the mathematics. His mind is not narrowed by an early and exclusive attention to any particular profession; but the soil, on which the future plant is to spring up and flourish, is carefully cultivated, and those liberal and manly sentiments are fostered, which form the distinguishing character of our countrymen.

#### *Childe Harold's Monitor, &c.*

(Continued from our last, p. 338.)

II. WE come now to our English poets:—

"Shall wild and rough variety of sound  
Charm the dulled ears, that Dryden's magic bound?

Shall loose, disjointed vehicles of sense,  
Words without bonds, be used without offence,  
Where Dryden's clear and flowing diction gave  
Pathos to grief, and ardour to the brave?  
So custom wills—so mighty Scott ordains—  
And Harold echoes his, and Wordsworth's strains!"

No passage in the little work before us has struck us as more strongly marked with that nervous poetry, and varied, correct, and bold, and tuneful versification, which characterizes this poem, than the one in which the author attempts to rescue Pope from the incessant sneers with which the reputation of that great writer is at present assailed. Our poet, in this place, as in many others, works like a master. He has felt, that as the "sound should be an echo to the sense," so, as a more general rule, the thoughts, the versification, the feeling, the style and the imagery, should have an aggregate correspondence with the subject. He has felt, that to vindicate, in verse, the verse of Pope, it was proper that the critic should show even himself to be a poet worthy of the task upon his hands, and also that he should



artfully win upon us in behalf of his favourite by bringing him and his manner to our recollection:—

"But will the voice, that censures as a crime  
The borrowed mantle of our olden time,  
The ruff and fardingale of years gone by,\*  
Allow, nay urge the soaring bard to fly  
To Vulcan's forge, for classic panoply?  
Yes!—for that armour, tempered high in Heaven,

Like the bright shield to swift Achilles given,  
Boasts such a fair variety of hue,  
To Nature's colouring so divinely true,  
And, 'mid its brilliance, bears a point so keen,  
That, like some glorious heirloom, still 'tis seen

To deck the warriors of each following age,  
And dart redoubled light from deathless page to page.

"Clad in such arms, thy strong ætherial strain,  
Complete as Pallas from the Thunderer's brain,  
Leapt out, immortal Pope!—Thou vanished Power,

Oh! for one hour of thee, for one short hour,  
To flash that Ægis at thy living foes,  
And stretch them in the dust from whence they rose,  
Robbed of that slimy life they trail along †  
O'er the pure marble of thy faultless song.

"What! shall the bard, majestically sweet,  
Who, on the pallid walls of Paraclete,  
Hung an undying wreath of softest green,  
While, sadly murmuring through the enchanted scene,

Fell with new charm the solitary floods,  
And holier moonlight veiled the sleeping woods—

What! shall the bard, whose swan-like note of death

On thee, brave Cobham! at thy parting breath,  
On many a great and glorious name, bestowed  
The tuneful passage to Renown's abode—

\* "In the 'Fazio' of Mr. Milman, there is an undoubted display of talent, capable of the most honourable exertions. But who must not lament to see a man of genius, in the nineteenth century, aping the language of the sixteenth? and, of course, so unable to 'annihilate the time and space' of the intervening centuries, as constantly to relapse into his own natural style, which *must* be that of his contemporaries?—Thus he reminds the reader, and still more the spectator, of an impetuous young actor, representing the character of an old man on a country stage! where there are neither wrinkles, nor paint, nor flour, sufficient to disguise the ardent countenance, although the vigorous frame is dressed in that faded finery, appropriated to the antique cast in the theatrical wardrobe. It is to be hoped, that so young a candidate for fame will not be ruined by success he must blush at;—but that he will be seen really coming forward, to rescue the degraded drama from the Maturins, and the Shells, and other Bombastes Furiosos of the day."

† "Among this spawn of affectation and imperfect knowledge, is to be found a name or two, that deserved to be classed with better company, if it had not exposed itself, by arrogant contempt for its betters, to just reprimand. There is a Mr. Elton, who has translated, with much fidelity and little poetry, some fragments of the classics; and whom report announces as a translator of Hesiod, in a second edition!—This person has presumed to shoot his pop-gun at Pope."

Shall he be summoned to the bar of shame,  
And slander fix false tinsel on his fame?  
Guard him, great hero of the tuneful field! \*  
Guard thine own Teucer with thy sevenfold shield;

While, safe beneath the shadow of thy power,  
His kindred darts beam forth in brilliant shower.  
Nor thou alone—but she, the Athenian queen,  
In more celestial mantle never seen,  
Wisdom's calm Goddess—let her guard the ray

That cleared the shade from darkest themes away;

Showed Man his part in Being's general frame,  
Shed round the lamp of Truth a vestal flame;  
Arrayed her ethic lore in winning dress,  
And strewn with flowers the steep of Happiness.

"True that the wealth of wit at times betrays  
The balanced numbers to too rich a blaze;  
True, that those numbers might, at times, have flown

With Dryden's notes o'er regions scarce their own; †

Dared the contrasted pause, and streamed more free

In soul-o'erflowing tides of harmony;  
Skill'd, like our great Timotheus, to combine  
'The varying verse, the full resounding line,  
The long majestic march, and energy divine.' ‡

\* "This is not the place to defend Pope's unrivalled translation, from the constant carping of unpoetical criticism, which are levelled at it by a pedantic set of modern Zoiluses, who are springing up, as fresh as toad-stools, amongst us. Perhaps, (if the present attempt to rescue an illustrious contemporary from the trammels of Gothic barbarism, and from the recklessness of most unfinished composition, proves in any degree successful,) the author may attempt another 'Essay on translated Verse;' and strive, among other endeavours, to correct the exaggerated impressions, which are daily made upon the youthful scholar, as to the general infidelity of Pope's immortal version of Homer."

† "That there is a greater variety of cadence, in the best passages of Dryden, than is any where to be found in Pope, must be allowed. Pope was a complete master of melody, (if such an illustration may be allowed,) or of the simple music of a single line;—his couplets are too frequently cast in this uniform model;—nor does he, by the variation of the pause, often give that dignified and truly harmonious effect to his verses, which is to be admired in the happier efforts of his great predecessor. Of a system of harmony indeed, of an adaptation of parts, in versification; that is, of a dozen or more lines, where the rhythm is so interchanged as to leave an indescribably soothing impression upon the ear and the fancy; he seems to have had little idea—He was, at the same time, so eager to be intelligible, (an admirable sort of ambition!) that, for this reason alone, he seldom prolonged his meaning beyond the limits of his rhythm; that is, he took care to have certain distinct portions, at least, of his subject, included within each couplet. This in satire, and perhaps in ethical writing of all kinds, might be a judicious arrangement; but in the lighter, or in the more impassioned and exalted themes for poetry, a greater freedom of style must excite the belief of a bolder imagination, and of a greater warmth of feeling, in the author."

‡ "It seems extraordinary that Pope could be so sensible, as these lines prove him to be,

—But shall we vilify the morning star,  
Bright as he shines o'er earth's dim clouds afar,  
Because unequal to the noonday sun,  
And doomed a humbler course in Heaven to run!

"Oh match the partial spots in light like his,  
With that dim picture, Harold!—er with this!  
With rude irregular Scott, or Southey tame,  
Or Crabbe, degenerate from his purer fame—  
Genius in these, with clear acknowledged force,  
Stirs the deep vein, and feeds its generous course;

But Taste, indignant, from their slothful lay,  
Or quaint new system, turns in frowns away;  
Denies that praise which Reason scorns to join,  
And brands the baseness of the adulterate coin."

(To be continued.)

### *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth.*

(Concluded from No. 20, p. 321.)

There is good evidence that the peace of Elizabeth received an incurable wound by the loss of her unhappy favourite, and that the profound melancholy which ensued, was either the cause or a leading symptom of her last illness. On this subject we quote our author:—

"But the prevalent opinion, even at the time, appears to have been, that the grief or compunction for the death of Essex, with which she had long maintained a secret struggle, broke forth in the end superior to control, and rapidly completed the overthrow of powers which the advances of old age and an accumulation of cares and anxieties had already undermined. 'Our queen,' writes an English correspondent to a Scotch nobleman in the service of James, 'is troubled with a rheum in her arm, which vexeth her very much, besides the grief she hath conceived for my lord of Essex's death. She sleepeth not so much by day as she used, neither take rest by night. Her delight is to sit in the dark, and sometimes, with shedding tears, to bewail Essex.'

"A remarkable anecdote first published in Osborn's Traditional Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, and confirmed by M. Maurier's Memoirs,—where it is given on the authority of Sir Dudley Carleton, the English ambassador in Holland, who related it to Prince Maurice,—offers the solution of these doubts. According to this story, the Countess of Nottingham, who was a rela-

of the superior vigour and majesty of Dryden's versification, and yet condemn, both in theory and practice, the triplet, and the noble, concluding Alexandrine, which are here so well exemplified. That Dryden abused these genuine English liberties, is most certain; but, alas! what secret of his dignified art did he not at times abuse? That the mistaken abstinence, and authority of Pope, have brought these useful and honourable adjuncts of our poetical harmony into neglect of late years, is equally obvious and unfortunate. Their free, but judicious introduction, gives to the heroic couplet a force, a variety, and a magnificence, which it cannot possess without them."



degree as they would attract it when separate.

6. Potash and oxyde of manganese combine on being heated, and form a substance soluble in water, and which, from the circumstance of its solution changing colour, has been called *camclion mineral*.

7. The combination of tin and potassium is "a mixed metal," which quickly tarnishes in the air, and effervesces in water.

The above particulars have been principally derived from Sir H. Davy's Elements of Chemical Philosophy, where further information will be found respecting Nos. 1 and 2; and a translation of a valuable paper, on the subject of No. 6, may be seen in an early number of the Philosophical Magazine for the present year.






### GLASSES OF THE CALEIDOSCOPE.



To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Whoever is desirous of obtaining information on the history, invention, management, or construction of the Kaleidoscope, will direct his inquiring eyes to your pages, and be apt to place unbounded confidence in the statements therein communicated. Hasty judgments and erroneous opinions should, therefore, be sedulously avoided; or, if accidentally inserted, be immediately animadverted upon, and put to the test, by the lovers of that amusing instrument. I shall, therefore, make no apology for the remarks I subjoin on the advice given in your's of the 22d inst., by two of your correspondents, I. S. H. and Experimenter. The first of these proposes to vary the angle of reflection by means of certain pieces of wood, which are described; but I suspect this is a mere project, against which I find no hesitation to enter my protest, as a practice untenable. This experiment would have shown, for two reasons; 1st. the space allowed by merely varying the angle would not be sufficient to admit the wooden props, and, therefore, the tube would need enlargement, or the glasses reduction, for their admission; and, 2dly. when placed, the one at the object-end would so obstruct the sight, and the space it must inevitably occupy in the reflection, would give every figure a form so monotonous and heavy, as wholly to destroy its pleasing effect; while, without it, for having only one, the glasses would be unsteady, having no support for their upper edges; had such a scheme been capable of practice, I. S. H., in all probability, had been saved the trouble of projecting it.

Experimenter informs us, he has succeeded in throwing a light on the dark side of one Kaleidoscope, yet I doubt if he would succeed immediately with a second; as I imagine he is not acquainted with its cause, and as the reflection will certainly be stronger when perfect from black glasses, than from white ones, I will endeavour to point it out. I wish the remedy were as easy; yet, in two cases of three, it proceeds from carelessness or ignorance.

This defect is seldom found in plate-glass reflectors, while in those of crown or

window-glass, it is perpetually presenting itself, to the no small annoyance of every observer of this bewitching toy; hence I conclude the cause is the inequality of substance and surface of the latter. Crown glass is hardly ever strait, or of equal thickness in two places; I have found glasses for the smallest tubes vary, in the latter respect, at each of the four corners; but this only affects the figure, as the thickest glass will give the deepest and longest reflection; but the thickness depends on the various curves the glasses make. These are frequently very slight, yet the slightest produces some effect; it is, therefore, a point of capital importance, to procure glasses as even as possible, or to acquire the skill of turning their very defects to advantage. For this purpose, keep two points in view; 1st. the *bottom edge* of the glasses at the object end, where they join, to form the centre of the figure, must be, as nearly as possible, of the same thickness; 2nd. always see that the bend of your glasses inclines their *middle* to each other; if they are both curved, thus,  the edges will secure the ends, which they could not do for the middle, were they laid thus,  towards each other. In like manner, if one is curved or warped, and the other even, place them thus,  not ; a, by the latter mode, in both instances, the centre becomes wider than the extremity, demanding more light than can be admitted, and hence the half, if not two-thirds, is blank and void. These points must be carefully attended to before the glasses are blacked or whited, as it is too much the practice to lay the surfaces together that approximate best, as thus ; the consequence of which is better known than the cause: there is one curve which occasionally occurs, and which, as it affects the figure, renders the glass containing it quite useless; it is where the *sides*, instead of the ends,

warp towards each other, thus,  or ; this admits of no modification, and, therefore, must be carefully avoided, as it gives a very irregular figure.

Your obedient Servant,  
Upper Berkley Street, J. A.  
June 25th, 1818.

### SKETCHES

OF

### SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

No. II.

#### THE ARRIVAL AT THE HOTEL.—KILLING TIME.

ON my arrival in town, I ordered myself to be driven to the house of a near relation, who lived in — Square. The streets as I passed along were crowded to, what I thought, an excess; and the torches that flame from noisy shops, with the cries which were vociferated by

the crowds around them, produced within me a very curious sensation. I questioned my memory, if I had not formerly heard and witnessed such things; but before I could be satisfied as to the fact, the house of my relation was announced, —an immense knocking brought up the servant, when, by the rattle of the door chain, and the absence of a lamp-light in the hall, I considered my friends must have left town. It was so; but as I had not ordered the coach to remain, and having announced who I was, I stated my intention of stopping a few minutes, to rest myself, and ascertain, from the domestic who had care of the house, the nearest and best hotel I could adjourn to, for the night. My relation's family were with him in Paris, but expected almost daily to return; and Stevens's became my abode for that and some subsequent nights.

The busy domestic would have answered me all the possible questions I could have asked, relative to the family, the kindness of her master, the occasional good nature of mistress, Miss Lucy's amiability, and the number of her beaux, her learning, and her harp; but I wanted something of a different description at the moment; I was fatigued and disappointed, so, ordered a coach,—had my trunks put into it, and was, in a few minutes, seated in an excellent drawing-room, rather elegantly furnished, with two windows, which looked into Bond Street.

The servants at the hotel seemed to stare at me, whilst their civility was oppressive: and "Thomas! and Sally! — and porter! sir! — coming," all resounded in my ears so very discordantly, that I at once lamented having ever left my quiet home. I thought I should have some tea, as most refreshing after my journey; but, on its almost involuntarily escaping from my lips, I fancied I saw a half-hidden smile upon the waiter's countenance; who, advancing towards me a little, asked me, "what I would be pleased to take for dinner?" Dinner, thought I, and at such an hour, but it must be usual; and so, after the usual preliminaries, &c. and by way of economy, I ordered some soup and a roast fowl to be prepared directly.

My appetite was keen, the little irritation which I had indulged in soon subsided, but still I was so distracted between the rattling of carriages, pulling bells, shrieks, and the little mortifications always incidental to travelling unexpensively, that I could not hope for sleep. A happy weariness, however, soon came on, and I retired to rest. I previously had ordered myself to be called



artfully win upon us in behalf of his favourite by bringing him and his manner to our recollection:—

"But will the voice, that censures as a crime  
The borrowed mantle of our olden time,  
The ruff and fardingale of years gone by,\*  
Allow, nay urge the soaring bard to fly  
To Vulcan's forge, for classic panoply?  
Yes!—for that armour, tempered high in Heaven,

Like the bright shield to swift Achilles given,  
Boasts such a fair variety of hue,  
To Nature's colouring so divinely true,  
And, 'mid its brilliance, bears a point so keen,  
That, like some glorious heir-loom, still 'tis seen

To deck the warriors of each following age,  
And dart redoubled light from deathless page to page.

"Clad in such arms, thy strong ætherial strain,  
Complete as Pallas from the Thunderer's brain,  
Leapt out, immortal Pope!—Thou vanished Power,

Oh! for one hour of thee, for one short hour,  
To flash that Ægis at thy living foes,  
And stretch them in the dust from whence they rose,  
Robbed of that slimy life they trail along †  
O'er the pure marble of thy faultless song.

"What! shall the bard, majestically sweet,  
Who, on the pallid walls of Paraclete,  
Hung an undying wreath of softest green,  
While, sadly murmuring through the enchanted scene,  
Fell with new charm the solitary floods,  
And holier moonlight veiled the sleeping woods—

What! shall the bard, whose swan-like note of death

On thee, brave Cobham! at thy parting breath,  
On many a great and glorious name, bestowed  
The tuneful passage to Renown's abode—

\* "In the 'Fazio' of Mr. Milman, there is an undoubted display of talent, capable of the most honourable exertions. But who must not lament to see a man of genius, in the nineteenth century, aping the language of the sixteenth? and, of course, so unable to 'annihilate the time and space' of the intervening centuries, as constantly to relapse into his own natural style, which *must* be that of his contemporaries?—Thus he reminds the reader, and still more the spectator, of an impetuous young actor, representing the character of an old man on a country stage! where there are neither wrinkles, nor paint, nor flour, sufficient to disguise the ardent countenance, although the vigorous frame is dressed in that faded finery, appropriated to the antique cast in the theatrical wardrobe. It is to be hoped, that so young a candidate for fame will not be ruined by success he must blush at;—but that he will be seen really coming forward, to rescue the degraded drama from the Maturins, and the Shells, and other Bombastes Furiosos of the day."

† "Among this spawn of affectation and imperfect knowledge, is to be found a name or two, that deserved to be classed with better company, if it had not exposed itself, by arrogant contempt for its betters, to just reprimand. There is a Mr. Elton, who has translated, with much fidelity and little poetry, some fragments of the classics; and whom report announces as a translator of Hesiod, in a second edition!—This person has presumed to shoot his pop-gun at Pope."

Shall he be summoned to the bar of shame,  
And slander fix false tinsel on his fame?  
Guard him, great hero of the tuneful field! \*  
Guard thine own Teucer with thy sevenfold shield;

While, safe beneath the shadow of thy power,  
His kindred darts beam forth in brilliant shower.  
Nor thou alone—but she, the Athenian queen,  
In more celestial mantle never seen,  
Wisdom's calm Goddess—let her guard the ray

That cleared the shade from darkest themes away;

Showed Man his part in Being's general frame,  
Shed round the lamp of Truth a vestal flame;  
Arrayed her ethic lore in winning dress,  
And strewed with flowers the steep of Happiness.

"True that the wealth of wit at times betrays  
The balanced numbers to too rich a blaze;  
True, that those numbers might, at times, have flown

With Dryden's notes o'er regions scarce their own; †

Dared the contrasted pause, and streamed more free

In soul-o'erflowing tides of harmony;  
Skill'd, like our great Timotheus, to combine  
'The varying verse, the full resounding line,  
The long majestic march, and energy divine.' ‡

\* "This is not the place to defend Pope's unrivalled translation, from the constant carping of unpoetical criticism, which are levelled at it by a pedantic set of modern Zoiluses, who are springing up, as fresh as toad-stools, amongst us. Perhaps, (if the present attempt to rescue an illustrious contemporary from the trammels of Gothic barbarism, and from the recklessness of most unfinished composition, proves in any degree successful,) the author may attempt another 'Essay on translated Verse;' and strive, among other endeavours, to correct the exaggerated impressions, which are daily made upon the youthful scholar, as to the general infidelity of Pope's immortal version of Homer."

† "That there is a greater variety of cadence, in the best passages of Dryden, than is any where to be found in Pope, must be allowed. Pope was a complete master of melody, (if such an illustration may be allowed,) or of the simple music of a single line;—his couplets are too frequently cast in this uniform model;—nor does he, by the variation of the pause, often give that dignified and truly harmonious effect to his verses, which is to be admired in the happier efforts of his great predecessor. Of a system of harmony indeed, of an adaptation of parts, in versification; that is, of a dozen or more lines, where the rhythm is so interchanged as to leave an indescribably soothing impression upon the ear and the fancy; he seems to have had little idea—He was, at the same time, so eager to be intelligible, (an admirable sort of ambition!) that, for this reason alone, he seldom prolonged his meaning beyond the limits of his rhythm; that is, he took care to have certain distinct portions, at least, of his subject, included within each couplet. This in satire, and perhaps in ethical writing of all kinds, might be a judicious arrangement; but in the lighter, or in the more impassioned and exalted themes for poetry, a greater freedom of style must excite the belief of a bolder imagination, and of a greater warmth of feeling, in the author."

‡ "It seems extraordinary that Pope could be so sensible, as these lines prove him to be,

—But shall we vilify the morning star,  
Bright as he shines o'er earth's dim clouds afar,  
Because unequal to the noonday sun,  
And doomed a humbler course in Heaven to run!

"Oh match the partial spots in light like his,  
With that dim picture, Harold!—or with this!  
With rude irregular Scott, or Southey tame,  
Or Crabbe, degenerate from his purer fame—  
Genius in these, with clear acknowledged force,  
Stirs the deep vein, and feeds its generous course;

But Taste, indignant, from their slothful lay,  
Or quaint new system, turns in frowns away;  
Denies that praise which Reason scorns to join,  
And brands the baseness of the adulterate coin."

(To be continued.)

### *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth.*

(Concluded from No. 20, p. 321.)

There is good evidence that the peace of Elizabeth received an incurable wound by the loss of her unhappy favourite, and that the profound melancholy which ensued, was either the cause or a leading symptom of her last illness. On this subject we quote our author:—

"But the prevalent opinion, even at the time, appears to have been, that the grief or compunction for the death of Essex, with which she had long maintained a secret struggle, broke forth in the end superior to control, and rapidly completed the overthrow of powers which the advances of old age and an accumulation of cares and anxieties had already undermined. 'Our queen,' writes an English correspondent to a Scotch nobleman in the service of James, 'is troubled with a rheum in her arm, which vexeth her very much, besides the grief she hath conceived for my lord of Essex's death. She sleepeth not so much by day as she used, neither take rest by night. Her delight is to sit in the dark, and sometimes, with shedding tears, to bewail Essex.'

"A remarkable anecdote first published in Osborn's Traditional Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, and confirmed by M. Maurier's Memoirs,—where it is given on the authority of Sir Dudley Carleton, the English ambassador in Holland, who related it to Prince Maurice,—offers the solution of these doubts. According to this story, the Countess of Nottingham, who was a rela-

of the superior vigour and majesty of Dryden's versification, and yet condemn, both in theory and practice, the triplet, and the noble, concluding Alexandrine, which are here so well exemplified. That Dryden abused these genuine English liberties, is most certain; but, alas! what secret of his dignified art did he not at times abuse? That the mistaken abstinence, and authority of Pope, have brought these useful and honourable adjuncts of our poetical harmony into neglect of late years, is equally obvious and unfortunate. Their free, but judicious introduction, gives to the heroic couplet a force, a variety, and a magnificence, which it cannot possess without them."



degree as they would attract it when separate.

6. Potash and oxyde of manganese combine on being heated, and form a substance soluble in water, and which, from the circumstance of its solution changing colour, has been called *camclion mineral*.

7. The combination of tin and potassium is "a mixed metal," which quickly tarnishes in the air, and effervesces in water.

The above particulars have been principally derived from Sir H. Davy's Elements of Chemical Philosophy, where further information will be found respecting Nos. 1 and 2; and a translation of a valuable paper, on the subject of No. 6, may be seen in an early number of the Philosophical Magazine for the present year.






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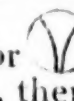
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The servants at the hotel seemed to stare at me, whilst their civility was oppressive: and "Thomas! and Sally! — and porter! sir! — coming," all resounded in my ears so very discordantly, that I at once lamented having ever left my quiet home. I thought I should have some tea, as most refreshing after my journey; but, on its almost involuntarily escaping from my lips, I fancied I saw a half-hidden smile upon the waiter's countenance; who, advancing towards me a little, asked me, "what I would be pleased to take for dinner?" Dinner, thought I, and at such an hour, but it must be usual; and so, after the usual preliminaries, &c. and by way of economy, I ordered some soup and a roast fowl to be prepared directly.

My appetite was keen, the little irritation which I had indulged in soon subsided, but still I was so distracted between the rattling of carriages, pulling bells, shrieks, and the little mortifications always incidental to travelling unexpensively, that I could not hope for sleep. A happy weariness, however, soon came on, and I retired to rest. I previously had ordered myself to be called



at five o'clock in the morning, according to custom, determined, if possible, to continue that system of early rising which is more conducive to health than all the pharmacopeia put together could impart. I felt too tired to think; it almost became a labour; the first sensible influence I experienced of a denser atmosphere than I was wont to breathe. The first reflections that occur upon a change of scene are generally the most impressive, if not often the most correct: and although accustomed to keep a journal of my thoughts and daily occurrences, the dispositions and conduct of those with whom I associated, my plans, my hopes, my prospects, and my fears, yet, on this occasion, I was unable to fulfil my usual task, and had to depend on my memory for the particular events which had for some days occurred. This journal I kept to be a record of my advancement in knowledge or improvement, and to enable me to correct the judgments I might have formed of others, upon a slight impression, by subsequent habits of more intimate acquaintance, comparison, and reflection. Silently observing and recording, we attain a facility and a promptness of exercising our judgment; and although it may sometimes prove erroneous, if we have recorded faithfully, and compared minutely, we shall find ourselves very frequently correct in our estimate of character. Men are rarely at all times on their guard against observation, if it be conducted secretly; and, to be known exactly as they really exist, must be viewed at different times, in different circumstances, and as if without seeming to pay any attention to what goes forward; or else we shall have made very little advance indeed towards a species of knowledge of the most desirable nature. Men, through interest, will rein in their passions; or, in the indulgence of their passions, forget their interest; but, if they feel an intelligent eye at all times upon them, their conduct will be cautious, it may degenerate to cunning, hypocrisy; this is summoned to perform an useful part; the man is unknown as to his real character, and the open-mouthed observer is baffled, by his own folly, in the undertaking he wished to have succeeded. The motives of men must be traced beyond the immediate actions which seem to be their result; the future and the past must enter into our calculation. If we merely consult the moment, and look either before or after it for human motives, we may deceive or be deceived, or serve or be served, as chance directs; but the great volume which should be our study becomes useless, and our lit-

tle knowledge only serves, "like shallow draughts," to "intoxicate," and not to enlighten our views, nor extend our information.

When ever this Journal comes before me, I fear I begin to prose or to digress; but digression, perhaps, is rather a pardonable fault in this instance, where the "Sketches" are intended to be desultory. A strange bed, with an unusual excitement of the system, just awoke me a little earlier than I had ordered myself to be called: so, that when the servant gently knocked at the appointed time, he found I had already risen. Scarcely had I gone through the usual morning decencies, when a voice struck on my ear, which seemed quite familiar to it; to calculate whose it might be, was, under the circumstances, impossible, and I had forgotten if it were correct to call up the servant, and ask him whose it was. I might have completely exposed myself by the puerility, if not indefiniteness of the last question, and put my vanity to the torture, by the anticipated sneer or smile which might accompany the servant's answer, if he did not show it. Curiosity, I thought, was a womanish weakness; and, although possessing as much of it as any man living, I always wished to appear as indifferent as possible; and my consistency was triumphant. Soon after, I heard Lord Eglantine's name very audibly pronounced; his was the voice I recognized; and now I thought consistency became silently eloquent in the praise of patience, and felt that chuckling sort of happiness which men of my temperament, under such circumstances, usually feel. Various other persons now entered the hotel, at nearly six o'clock in the morning, when some few calls for chamber-lights, and Thomas, and fifty other calls and sayings I cannot mention, gave me fresh cause for wonder and surprize. I should have liked to know whom they might be, but my recent victory forbade me to enter into another engagement, and I asked no questions.

Eight o'clock had now arrived, I ordered breakfast, and partook of it with satisfaction. The worn and pallid look of the servant gave me room for observation, indeed it annoyed me; and yet, when I question myself upon the propriety of being so, I had a dear relation who resembled him, had led a life of dissipation, and fell an early martyr to the misuse of time! This was enough, a sudden gloom over-spread me, I poured the cup of tea which was before me into the slop-basin; pulled the bell; the house was as quiet as a wilderness, and the bell tingled long after the waiter

came in, when I asked him, taking a brief survey of his countenance, at what hour his company usually breakfasted? He answered, with a half-yawn, from twelve till half-past three, with the exception of Mr. Wordly, the templar, and Lord Henry Eglantine, who were never later than eleven. "Lord Henry is"—before I could conclude my sentence, the waiter replied, "a very elegant gentleman, gives no trouble, and pays well; we have not had such a gentleman for a long time." "He is an old friend of mine," said I; for I was proud of hearing such a character given of him, and the more ready to acknowledge the relation in which we stood towards each other. "He will have finished breakfast, and written, which he always does, some letters, before one," quoth the waiter, "and you can see him, sir, in the coffee-room."—"Then say, if you please, that a gentleman, a stranger in town, will do himself the pleasure of meeting him at that hour." The waiter bowed and retired.

We met at the appointed hour, and our meeting was that of old friends—with full hearts and silent tongues,—hands for several minutes almost unconsciously locked in each other—a look, and a burst that ended in the simple language of the heart—"I'm happy, —I'm delighted, my dear old friend, to meet you." Mr. Wordly was polite; and, for once in my life, I felt more gratification than I have language to express. The waiter saw all this, and I could not afterwards avoid noticing his conduct. From mere civility, he became officiously polite;—from purchasable attention, he altered to a courteous servility; and the thought occurred to me, at the moment, how much alike are all men! Creatures of habit and of interest, they are all equally influenced by circumstance and place.—I dropped the thought, but felt not its strength and justness the less, because excited by the conduct of a tavern-waiter.

The conversation between Lord E., Mr. Wordly, and myself, lasted, upon desultory topics, until nearly three o'clock. At that hour, a number of persons entered the coffee room, in a state of sleepy insensibility, with a general yawn for "soda," rather than of human beings who were serviceable to themselves or others. Politeness did not allow me to stare, but I could not avoid taking a side look now and then at them, and, as I thought, unobserved. But my friend, Lord Henry, seemed perfectly aware of the current of my thoughts at the moment, and yet preserved himself a most guarded silence. I was bursting as if with questions, and asked him,



in an under tone, to what class of society these individuals belonged. He replied rather audibly, — "They are young men of fashion, whose principal occupation in life seems to be"—and continued in a whisper—"devoted to the science of *killing time*!" The phrase astonished me, as much as the appearance of the individuals with whom it was associated; but Mr. Wordly informed me, my astonishment would soon abate, upon a little longer residence in town, and an acquaintance with the number who know not how to employ or amuse themselves, and are constantly endeavouring to *kill time*.

"*Killing time*," said I, "is a very singular phrase, and these gentlemen of fashion must have a very peculiar art indeed, if they can destroy that, without which fashion, fortune, or connexion, can avail them little. Can they be dead to fame, to the purposes of their creation? can they be dead to happiness, the aim and object of the world beside? If they be, why let them wrestle with this invulnerable sort of giant, who multiplies like, I believe, the *polypus*—

'Who through years and months and days  
have pass'd,  
Still grows again, and is, as if refreshed  
From all he lost;—nay, strengthened and improved  
In years and months and days again.'

But what end is answered by it; if they can make an exertion to destroy, why not attempt a more kindly and more useful employment? The disposition to exertion is engaged in endeavouring to *kill time*, and why will they not be occupied in the more noble and elevated exertions which might adorn or improve them? If time be their enemy, and his destruction almost impossible, would it not be more rational to come to amicable terms with them, reap the advantages he enables them to sow, or make him as if a partner in their vicissitudes of feeling, their pleasures, or their hopes? Time seldom wars with those who are disposed to serve themselves or others. The laborious and the diligent seldom feel his wrath, for his victory would be too cheap over them; but the dissipated and the idle are his prey. The indolent and luxurious he generally attacks; they have left themselves almost defenceless, and what wonder that they fall at even the slightest or least pointed attack!

I was proceeding, when Lord Henry bowed,—I took it for assent, and smiled. On which he asked me, "if I would accompany him to the house of the Honourable Gregory Fanning, who lived near Portman Square, as he should be there before five o'clock, to make a

morning call." I wished to see this gentleman, but dropping into a reflecting mood, felt no regret at declining the pleasure, especially as I wished to be alone, in order to enjoy the reverie into which I had just fallen. This, perhaps, might not be philosophic, but it was natural;—however, we parted, promising to meet at dinner, which was ordered to be ready, for my accommodation, as I was just from the country, at six o'clock!"

*Killing time!* I could not avoid repeating it over and over again, as I paced my apartment with my hands behind my back, occasionally looking into the street, and then seating myself at my writing desk, which lay open before me. I took up my pen—and laid it down,—muttered to myself, *Killing Time!*—and again traversed my apartment as before. When the mind is once suddenly roused, it will not very speedily settle into a calm. And it often happens, the more trifling the causes are that produce excitement, the more intense is their force, during the brief period of their operation. The mind and body act so reciprocally on each other, I believe with most people, at all events with me, that I was obliged occasionally to traverse my apartment, and keep up that motion in my body, to which it was impelled by the working and activity of my mind.

*Killing time!* and again, thought I, even if it could be accomplished, what would be the object? If the contemplated murder could be committed, what would be our destiny after its destruction? If we are born for any thing, it must be to conduce to our own happiness; this cannot be achieved without the possession of time, and why, therefore, so ardently seek for its destruction? Death would be the inevitable consequence which would follow it; and should we commit an act which would give us earlier to a devouring tomb? The grave, indeed, could then well boast of victory, and Death still pride himself on the sharpness of his sting! Situated as we are in the world, we must *act*; we cannot remain totally inert, even for our own comfort. The mind, the sense, nay the very activity of our dreams, strengthen the conviction in us of that generally admitted truth—that man must labour, and is born to it. Should we have been framed subject to so many necessities and wants, with appetites and passions to restrain or gratify—with ever-changing desires;—and yet not be born to labour and to *act*? Nature has subjected to it the whole human race,—a corresponding disposition in man has answered to the

call; and, for us, that should appear sufficiently satisfactory.

How many are there, I considered, who lament the swiftness of that time which the idle and the dissolute so much wish to kill! The philosopher who explores—the artist who invents—the humble labourers of the field and loom, daily regret the rapidity of its flight;—and, hastening to the tomb, what worlds would not be given, what unavailing tears and sighs are not offered up by thousands—even for a single hour! Time was given us to be profitably employed, a truth which evidently results from the precariousness of the tenure by which we hold it, and the rewards which are promised for its proper use, hereafter. If we improve the mind and regulate the passions, soothe the afflicted, or lead our neighbour from the snare that may await him, thereby conducing to our own and others' happiness—we shall feel no necessity for the destruction of time. We should, in common prudence, make him an useful friend, who may become a formidable enemy, and avert the stroke which he might take pleasure in inflicting.

But a truce to these reflections, thought I,—my pen almost involuntarily dropped upon my desk, and the hint was not lost. So, straining my fingers, I left the chair on which I had been sitting, walked over to the window, and caught the eye of Lord Eglantine, who was then crossing over to the hotel, preparatory to dinner, which was speedily served up.

A powdered and perfumed waiter attended our party, to which my friend had invited a few acquaintances,—when numerous instances, in both sexes, of the manner of *killing time* became the subject of conversation: but these must be reserved for a future paper.

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#### ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS.

THE question of Annual Parliaments has of late been much and ably discussed. There are, however, many persons whose avocations or inclination may not allow them to investigate the subject to any great extent. For their benefit it may not be amiss shortly to notice the various enactments on the subject, from Magna Charta up to the present period, and it is to them that the following remarks are submitted.

To begin with the first statute in order, the 4th of Edward III, ch. 14. It is by this act accorded, "That a parliament shall be *holden* every year, once; or oftener if need be." From this word "*holden*" springs all our difficulty; nor is the language of the act sufficiently ex-

✱ We wish that our learned and intelligent



plicit to remove it by showing whether the intention of the legislature was, to regulate the *intermission of sitting*, or the *duration* of parliaments.

The next in succession, the 36th of the same king, ch. 10, does not in the least assist us. It merely enacts, "That a parliament shall be *holden* every year, as heretofore was ordained by statute." Upon these two acts do the advocates for Annual Parliaments chiefly rest for the support of their proposition.

Our next step is to the 16th of Charles I. ch. 1. This act recites, that, "by former statutes, parliaments ought to be holden once a year" and enacts that they be observed; "and, to prevent the inconveniences arising from the non-observance thereof, further enacts, that a continuance by prorogation or adjournment, or an adjournment or prorogation for three years, shall be a dissolution;" and gives power to certain officers to call a new parliament without the king.

And here our difficulty vanishes. The old statutes are to be observed; and, as a consequence, parliaments to be holden every year; but, at the same time, they are not to continue beyond three years. Here then is an explicit distinction between the holding of parliaments and their continuance; and thus it becomes clear, that the two statutes of Edward III, regulated only the *intermission of sitting*, while that of Charles I went further, and regulated their *duration*.

The 16th of Chas. II, ch. 1. repeals the preceding as derogatory to the royal prerogative; inasmuch as it gives a power to certain officers to call a new parliament independently of the king. It, however, keeps up the distinction, and altering only the time, enacts, "That the sitting and holding of parliament shall not be intermitted or discontinued above three years at the most: but that within three years from the determination of this present parliament, and so from time to time, within three years from the determination of any other parliament, the king shall call a new one."

We come then to the statute of the 6th and 7th of William and Mary, ch. 2. This, without referring to the period of *intermission*, continues to limit the *duration* to three years.

The last, the 1 Geo. I, stat. 2. ch. 38. refers only to that of William and Mary; and, in like manner, without alluding to or affecting the period of *intermission*, extends the *duration* to seven years; since this statute no alterations have been effected.

Correspondent had quoted the "language of the act" in the early French in which it is to be found in the Statutes of the Realm. We have the passage, but are not able, at this moment, to lay our hands on it. Our Correspondent will excuse us for remarking, that in this and all similar cases, it is the *original language* alone which can be relied on. We believe that the very important particle *a* ("a parliament") is wrongly foisted in the English translation.—ED.

Thus, then, we see, that in the time of Edward the Third, our parliaments sat annually, whilst the will of the sovereign alone governed their continuance. And, however much the policy of intermediate sovereigns, or their situation, may have varied the real state of the fact, the law continued the same up to the time of Charles the First, when the *duration* was *first* limited to three years. The reign of Chas. II extended the period of *intermission* to three years; and the "no popery" cry, in the reign of George the First, alluded to in the recital of the act, occasioned the further extension of the period of *duration* to seven years.

It is observable, and I doubt whether it has been before noticed in agitating this question, that the period of *intermission* continues fixed at three years. It is, therefore, apprehended to be now in the power of the king to adjourn or prorogue his parliament for that space, however improbable it may be that the present feeling of the country, added to the intimate connection now subsisting between the sovereign and the parliament, should afford occasion for such an exercise of prerogative.

IC TUS.

#### LITERARY SCRAPS.

Love in friendship's understood,  
When power joins will to us good\*.

#### No. VIII.

"A new Song for the Swan Society in Chandos Street, Covent Garden." See a scarce work, entitled "The Midwife," 5th paper, p. 232. beginning thus

"Come each toper and friend  
Lend your ear and attend"—

and finishes

"Yet I hope you'll excuse  
A poor goose that would fain be a swan."

A many songs similar to this one, some of them very satirical, has been written for the conviviality of the Stay Makers' Society, though perhaps few of them extant at the present day. The two oldest and best houses of call for stay makers, in the time of our dramatic writer, Hugh Kelly, was the one above mentioned, and the *Rose and Crown*, in Clare Court, Drury Lane, to which this author, as a member, belonged.

Kelly is said to have been but a slow and indifferent workman at his trade. Nor is it to be supposed that a man whose genius was occasionally breaking through its embryo, could employ all his attention to a business so foreign to his ideas and inclination.

He afterwards got a situation to write for attornies, but continued at times to

\* See Rochefaucolt's Maxims. Ed. 1706. p. 114.

pay the friendly visit to the society, to where, perhaps, his most intimate friend and countryman, Goldsmith, has often accompanied him.

#### No. IX.

*Suicide.*—At Marseilles, in the time of Valerius Maximus, the magistrates had an exclusive privilege of permitting suicide. They kept doses of hemlock, and allowed those persons to buy them who could give sufficient reasons for wishing to retire, before the hour of nature, from the banquet of life.

"An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times," vol. 1st. p. 97. has the following remark on suicide:—"The Roman was impelled to self-destruction by the strength of warlike honour, the Briton by despicable and effeminate vanity." To which of the above causes it must be attributed I know not, but am sorry to state that (Browne) the author of this estimate, committed an act of suicide in putting an end to his life by means of a razor.

T. W. K.

#### Early English Poetry.

##### ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

(Beaumont, 1607.)

LIKE to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flight of eagles' are;  
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew;  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood,  
E'en such is man—whose borrow'd light  
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;  
The dew's dried up,—the star is shot,—  
The flight is past,—and man forgot\*.

##### MIRTH.

(By the same.)

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,  
More than wine, or sleep, or food;  
Let each man keep his mind at ease,  
No man dies of that disease  
He that would his body keep  
From diseases, must not weep;  
But whoever laughs and sings  
Never he his body brings  
Into fevers, gout, and rheums,  
Or ling'ringly his life consumes,  
But contented lives for aye;  
The more he laughs, the more he may.

##### LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

Over the mountains,  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains  
And under the graves:

\* See a modern amplification in the LITERARY JOURNAL, No. 1.



tion, but no friend, of the Earl of Essex, being on her death-bed, entreated to see the queen; declaring that she had something to confess to her before she could die in peace. On her majesty's arrival, the countess produced a ring, which she said the Earl of Essex had sent to her after his condemnation, with an earnest request that she would deliver it to the queen, as the token by which he implored her mercy; but which, in obedience to her husband, to whom she had communicated the circumstance, she had hitherto withheld; for which she entreated the queen's forgiveness. On sight of the ring, Elizabeth instantly recognized it as one which she had herself presented to her unhappy favourite on his departure for Cadiz, with the tender promise, that of whatsoever crimes his enemies might have accused him, or whatsoever offences he might actually have committed against her, on his returning to her that pledge, she would either pardon him, or admit him, at least, to justify himself in her presence. Transported at once with grief and rage, on learning the barbarous infidelity of which the earl had been the victim and herself the dupe, the queen shook in her bed the dying countess, and vehemently exclaiming, that God might forgive her, but she never could, flung out of the chamber.

"Returning to her palace, she surrendered herself without resistance to the despair which seized her heart on this fatal and too late disclosure.—Hence her refusal of medicine and almost of food;—hence her obstinate silence interrupted only by sighs, groans, and broken hints of a deep sorrow which she cared not to reveal;—hence the days and nights passed by her seated on the floor, sleepless, her eyes fixed and her finger pressed upon her mouth;—hence, in short, all those heart-rending symptoms of incurable and mortal anguish which conducted her, in the space of twenty days, to the lamentable termination of a long life of power, prosperity, and glory\*.

"The queen expired on March 24th, 1603."

In the course of this valuable work there are many interesting anecdotes illustrative of the temper and passions of this distinguished queen; of her vanity we have a striking instance in her energetic proclamation to suppress "certain ill-favoured likenesses of her gracious countenance which had obtained a general circulation among her loving subjects;" of this, the weakest part of her character, Miss Aikin says:—

"The decay of her beauty was an unwelcome truth which all the artifices of

adulation were unable to hide from her secret consciousness; since she could never behold her image in a mirror, during the latter years of her life, without transports of impotent anger; and this circumstance contributed not a little to sour her temper, while it rendered the young and lovely the chosen objects of her malignity.

"On this head, the following striking anecdote is furnished by Sir John Harrington . . . . She did oft ask the ladies around her chamber, if they loved to think of marriage? And the wise ones did conceal well their liking hereto, as knowing the queen's judgment in this matter. Sir Matthew Arundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and simply said, she had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved. 'You seem honest, i'faith,' said the queen; 'I will sue for you to your father.' . . . . The damsel was not displeased hereto; and when Sir Robert came to court, the queen asked him hereon, and pressed his consenting, if the match was discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished at this news, said he never heard his daughter had liking to any man, and wanted to gain knowledge of her affection; but would give free consent to what was most pleasing to her highness will and advice. 'Then I will do the rest,' saith the queen. The lady was called in, and the queen told her that her father had given his free consent. 'Then,' replied the lady, 'I shall be happy, and please your grace.' 'So thou shalt, but not to be a fool and marry; I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it into thy possession. So go to thy business, I see thou art a bold one to own thy foolishness so readily\*.'"

The following letter to the King of Scots, first printed in Miss Aikin's memoirs, will show that, when personally injured, the complaints of Elizabeth are seasoned with an equal portion of menace and contempt:—

*"Queen Elizabeth to the King of Scots:*

"When the first blast of a strange, unused, and seld heard of sound had pierced my ears, I supposed that flying fame, who with swift quills oft paceth with the worst, had brought report of some untruth, but when too many records in your open parliament were witnesses of such pronounced words, not more to my disgrace than to your dishonour, who did forget that (above all other regard) a prince's word ought utter nought of any, much less of a king, than such as to which truth might say Amen: but you, neglecting all care of yourself, what danger of reproach, besides somewhat else, might light upon you, have chosen so unseemly a theme to charge your only careful friend withal, of such matter as (were you not amazed in all senses) could not have been expected at your hands; of such imagined untruths

as were never thought of in our time; and do wonder what evil spirits have possessed you, to set forth so infamous devices void of any show of truth. I am sorry that you have so wilfully fallen from your best stay, and will needs throw yourself into the hurepool of bottomless discredit. Was the haste so great to hie to such opprobry as that you would pronounce a never thought of action afore you had but asked the question of her that best could tell it? I see well we two be of different natures, for I vow to God I would not corrupt my tongue with an unknown report of the greatest foe I have; much less could I detract my best deserving friend with a spot so foul as scarcely may be ever outraged. Could you root the desire of gifts of your subjects upon no better ground than this quagmire, which to pass you scarcely may without the slip of your own disgrace? Shall embassy be sent to foreign princes laden with instructions of your rash-advised charge? . . . . I never yet loved you so little as not to moan your infamous dealings, which you are in mind, we see, that myself shall possess more princes witness of my causeless injuries, which I should have wished had passed no seas to testify such memorials of your wrongs. Bethink you of such dealings, and set your labour upon such mends as best may, though not right, yet salve some piece of this overslip; and be assured that you deal with such a king as will bear no wrongs and endure infamy; the examples have been so lately seen as they can hardly be forgotten of a far mightier and potenter prince than any Europe hath. Look you not therefore that without large amends, I may or will slupper up such indignities. We have sent this bearer Bowes, whom you may safely credit, to signify such particularities as fits not a letter's talk. And so I recommend you to a better mind and more advised conclusions.' Dated January 4th, 1597-1598\*."

With our author's general review of the character of Elizabeth, we shall close our extracts:—

"The ceremonial of her court rivalled the servility of the East: no person of whatever rank ventured to address her otherwise than kneeling; and this attitude was preserved by all her ministers during their audiences of business, with the exception of Burleigh, in whose favour, when aged and infirm, she dispensed with its observance. Hentzner, a German traveller, who visited England near the conclusion of her reign, relates, that as she passed through several apartments from the chapel to dinner, wherever she turned her eyes he observed the spectators throw themselves on their knees. The same traveller further relates, that the officers and ladies whose business it was to arrange the dishes and give tastes of them to the

\* See the evidence for this extraordinary story fully stated in Birch's *Negotiations*. On the whole, it appears sufficient to warrant our belief: yet it should be remarked that the accounts which have come down to us differ from each other in some important points, and are traceable to no original witness of the interview between the queen and the countess.

\* "Nugæ."

\* "M.S. in Dr. Haynes's extracts from the Salisbury collection.—I am unable to discover to what particular circumstance this angry letter refers."



yeomen of the guard by whom they were brought in, did not presume to approach the royal table, without repeated prostrations and genuflexions and every mark of reverence due to her majesty in person.

"The appropriation of her time and the arrangements of her domestic life present more favourable traits.

"First in the morning she spent some time at her devotions; then she betook herself to the dispatch of her civil affairs, reading letters, ordering answers, considering what should be brought before the council, and consulting with her ministers. When she had thus wearied herself, she would walk in a shady garden or pleasant gallery, without any other attendance than that of a few learned men. Then she took her coach and passed in the sight of her people to the neighbouring groves and fields, and sometimes would hunt or hawk. There was scarce a day but she employed some part of it in reading and study; sometimes before she entered upon her state affairs, sometimes after them\*."

"She slept little, seldom drank wine, was sparing in her diet, and a religious observer of the fasts. She sometimes dined alone, but more commonly had with her some of her friends. At supper she would divert herself with her friends and attendants, and if they made her no answer would put them upon mirth and pleasant discourse with great civility. She would then also admit Farleton, a famous comedian and pleasant talker, and other such men, to divert her with stories of the town and the common jests and accidents."

"She would recreate herself with a game of chess, dancing, or singing. . . . She would often play at cards and tables, and if at any time she happened to win, she would be sure to demand the money. . . . She was waited on in her bedchamber by married ladies of the nobility; the Marchioness of Winchester widow, Lady Warwick, and Lady Scrope; and here she would seldom suffer any to wait upon her but Leicester, Hatton, Essex, Nottingham, and Raleigh. . . . Some lady always slept in her chamber; and besides her guards, there was always a gentleman of good quality and some others up in the next chamber, to wake her if any thing extraordinary happened†."

"She loved a prudent and moderate habit in her private apartment and conversation with her own servants; but when she appeared in public she was ever richly adorned with the most valuable clothes; set off again with much gold and jewels of inestimable value; and, on such occasions, she ever wore high shoes, that she might seem taller than indeed she was. The first day of the parliament she would appear in a robe embroidered with pearls, the royal crown on her head, the golden ball in her left hand and the sceptre in her right; and as she never failed then of the loud acclamations of her people, so she

was ever pleased with it, and went along in a kind of triumph with all the ensigns of majesty. The royal name was ever venerable to the English people; but this queen's name was more sacred than any of her ancestors. . . . In the furniture of her palaces, she ever affected magnificence and an extraordinary splendour. She adorned the galleries with pictures by the best artists; the walls she covered with rich tapestries. She was a true lover of jewels, pearls, all sorts of precious stones, gold and silver plate, rich beds, fine couches and chariots, Persian and Indian carpets, statues, medals, &c. which she would purchase at great prices. Hampton Court was the most richly furnished of all her palaces; and here she had caused her naval victories against the Spaniards to be worked in fine tapestries and laid up among the richest pieces of her wardrobe. . . . When she made any public feasts, her tables were magnificently served and many side-tables adorned with rich plate. At these times many of the nobility waited on her at table. She made the greatest displays of her regal magnificence when foreign ambassadors were present. At these times she would also have vocal and instrumental music during dinner; and after dinner, dancing\*."

"The queen was laudably watchful over the morals of her court; and not content with dismissing from her service, or banishing her presence, such of her female attendants as were found offending against the laws of chastity, she was equitable enough to visit with marks of her displeasure the libertinism of the other sex; and, in several instances, she deferred the promotion of otherwise deserving young men till she saw them reform their manners in this respect. Europe had assuredly never beheld a court so decent, so learned, or so accomplished as her's; and it will not be foreign from the purpose of illustrating more fully the character of the sovereign, to borrow from a contemporary writer a few particulars on this head.

"It was rare to find a courtier acquainted with no language but his own. The ladies studied Latin, Greek, Spanish, Italian, and French. The 'more ancient' among them exercised themselves some with the needle, some with 'caul work,' (probably netting) 'divers in spinning silk, some in continual reading either of the Scriptures or of histories either of their own or foreign countries; divers in writing volumes of their own, or translating the works of others into Latin or English; while the younger ones, in the meantime, applied to their 'lutes, citharnes, prick-song, and all kinds of music.' Many of the elder sort were also 'skilful in surgery and distillation of waters, beside sundry artificial practices pertaining to the ornament and commendations of their bodies.' 'This,' adds our author, 'I will generally say of them all; that as each of them are cunning in something whereby they keep

themselves occupied in the court, there is in manner none of them but when they be at home can help to supply the ordinary want of the kitchen with a number of delicate dishes of their own devising, wherein the *portingul* is their chief counsellor, as some of them are most commonly with the clerk of the kitchen, &c."

"Every office, at court, had 'either a Bible or the book of the Acts and Monuments of the Church of England, or both, besides some histories and chronicles lying therein, for the exercise of such as come into the same†.'"

"Such was the scene over which Elizabeth presided;—such the companions whom she formed to herself, and in whom she delighted! The new men and new manners brought in by James I. served more fully to instruct the nation in the value of all that it had enjoyed under his illustrious predecessor, the vigour which had rendered her government respectable abroad; and the wise and virtuous moderation which caused it to be loved at home, were now recalled with that sense of irreparable loss which exalts to enthusiasm the sentiment of veneration and the principle of gratitude; and almost in the same proportion as the sanguinary bigotry of her predecessor had occasioned her accession to be desired, the despicable weakness of her successor caused her decease to be regretted and deplored."

Copious as our extracts have been, we have not been able to notice a very valuable part of this work, the characters of the distinguished statesmen of Elizabeth's reign, which are drawn with a very masterly hand, and include all the principal characters of her court: unlike an ordinary chronicler, Miss Aikin has extended her history to a critical notice of the classical literature of the age, the progress of English poetry, extracts from and curious anecdotes of some of the best productions, the state of the drama, its improvement in the reign of Elizabeth, and an elegant eulogium on our immortal bard.

The very able manner in which Miss Aikin has illustrated an important period of our history, induces us to hope that it will not be the last of her works we shall have to notice: and, although this work proves the extent of her researches, yet we should have been happy to find that the valuable collection of MS. letters in our national depositories had been examined by one so very capable of appreciating their value; and should she ever wish to extend the present work, we would recommend to her notice, the valuable MS. papers of Anthony Bacon, preserved in the Archbishop's Library, at Lambeth, which embrace every public event and

\* Bohun's Character of Queen Elizabeth.  
† Ditto.

\* Bohun's Character of Queen Elizabeth.

† Description of England prefixed to Holinshed's Chronicles.



much private anecdote from the year 1566 to 1598: but, as the regulations of that library, render them rather difficult of access, the transcripts made from them by the industrious Dr. Birch, in sixteen volumes, preserved in the British Museum, may be more convenient.

At the end of the work, Miss Aikin has added a curious and well written paper "on the Domestic Architecture of the reign of Queen Elizabeth," by her brother.

*Bellamira; or, The Fall of Tunis. A Tragedy, in five acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.* By Richard Shiel, Esq., Author of *The Apostate*. London. John Murray, Albemarle Street. 8vo. pp. 76. London. 1818.

This tragedy is extravagant both in its situations and in its language. The latter breathes little but violence throughout, and is loaded with exaggerated metaphor. There is no repose in the scenes, and the conclusion of the tragedy leaves either reader or spectator in the same frame of mind as that experienced by a person who suddenly awakes from a feverish and distempered dream. The horror of the piece detracts from the sympathy which the incidents are intended to excite, and which, with rather less precipitation, they might undoubtedly create. As an illustration of this remark, we refer to the end of the fourth act, where Manfredi is personally threatened with instant decapitation, and the drawn scymitar of Amurath is suspended over his head. We here find that the ravings of Bellamira do not call forth any tears, because the terror of the situation is such as will not allow the beholder to indulge in any feeling of calmness or compassion; whereas, if Bellamira were only threatened with the death of her husband, a different feeling might, with some management, be awakened. In other respects, Mr. Shiel, in his present production, has borrowed largely from his former one of "The Apostate." On the whole, Bellamira cannot be called an affecting, though it certainly may be termed an interesting tragedy; and, notwithstanding that the general complexion of the speeches is an exuberance of dreadful imagery, many distinct passages are fraught with real vigour and poetic fire. The invocation of Manfredi is particularly fine:—

"Stretch thine arm  
Out from thy dwelling place above the stars,

And be thou with us! With the cannon's  
roar,  
That Charles pours out upon the turbaned  
host,  
League thy almighty thunder—  
As terrible a vengeance, as of old  
Fell on the accursed cities, fall from Heaven,  
Down on the pirates' towers! No truce with  
them  
Who ne'er kept faith,—no mercy for the mer-  
ciless!  
Destruction, and not chastisement,—hurl!  
crush!  
Annihilate at once,—and, with a blow,  
Strike out the black pollution from the world."  
—p. 21. W. B.

### ON HAPPINESS,

PARTICULARLY IN MATRIMONY.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I am induced to take up my pen, by the solicitation of your very candid correspondent, SARAH SINGLE—to endeavour, though but faintly, to show the absurdity of the folly she so much laments\*.—And although I confess that I

\* See Literary Journal, No. XVI, p. 241.  
view the "requisites" necessary for a female to possess, with a very critical eye, yet I cannot acquiesce with him who identifies himself by the appellation of an "Old Bachelor," in the 12th number of your paper, that it is proper, or that it is possible to have those very many qualifications, that he there enumerates, which seem to me, to be rather the perfections of celestial beings, than of those of terrestrials; although it is very desirable to select one in whom as many as possible of those requisites are to be found. Sir, we are told, that with regard to the outline, whether of internal disposition, or of external figure, men and women are the same; Nature, however, intending them for mates, has given them dispositions different, but concordant, so as to produce together delicious harmony.

Happiness is an object the attainment of which stimulates the actions of all men, and the present era seems to be fraught with an universal opinion, particularly among single men, that this is only to be acquired, but in the possession of "riches," or "money," so that every other virtuous consideration is made subservient thereto. But, Sir, what is Happiness? and what is conducive to it? We find that "it denotes whatever tends to preserve or improve human nature, or society," the enjoyment of which renders men truly happy. The schools distinguish this summum bonum, or chief good, into that which is simply and adequately so, and beyond which there can be no other; and an inferior subordinate kind, which is, in some measure, attainable in this imperfect state. This last they called felicitas viatorum, and the former felicitas comprehensorum. The chief, or sovereign happiness, according to the idea collected of it from the original, natural, and universal preconceptions of all mankind, is, something agreeable to our nature, conducive to well being, accommodate to all places and

times, durable, self-derived, and indeprivable; and this consists, says Mr. Harris, in "rectitude of conduct," or in living perpetually selecting, as far as possible, what is congruous to nature, and rejecting what is contrary, making our end that of selecting and rejecting only.

Philosophers, it appears, are divided as to what the chief good of man consists in: whether in the goods of fortune, money, of body, or of mind. Some hold riches and honours; others, as Aristippus and the Cyrenaic school, bodily pleasures; and others, as Zeno and the Stoics, virtue, or living according to nature. The Peripatetics agreed with the Stoics in maintaining, that virtue was the only good; whilst the Peripatetics denied, that virtue was self-sufficient, and therefore required several other things as auxiliaries, such as health, prosperity, friends, &c., which are, to a virtuous man, in the nature of instruments or ornaments only, to his felicity. It must be not only perfect whilst it lasts, but everlasting.

Hence we may infer, that neither the goods of fortune, money, nor those of the body, constitute happiness. Virtue, rightly understood, is the perfection of human nature; it is the instrument of obtaining happiness. It is necessary, then, that we be perfect as to life, or happy in the circumstances of our being. And thus we are also told, by Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Doctors Hutchinson and Clarke, that virtue consists in "propriety of conduct, prudence, and disinterested benevolence." Since, then, virtue is the handmaid to happiness, it is lamentable that it is not more cultivated. Shall we, at a period like the present, when morality is so zealously propagated, and we are exhorted to "imitate virtue where she is not," shall we adopt the advice of Pope, who says—

—"Get money, money still,  
And then let Virtue follow, if she will."

No; let virtuous conduct govern every action, and happiness will quick ensue, for happiness alone is virtue's child, and marriage is that state which is truly supposed to be the most productive of this, and which, we are told, "is honourable in all."

Matrimony has, it is true, been much controverted—whether it is an appointment of nature, or only of municipal law. The Greeks lived together without marriage, and Cicero informs us, "that there was a time when men, like brutes, roamed abroad over the earth; then reason bore no sway, the ties of religion and the obligations of morality were then unfelt, and lawful marriage was unknown, and no father was certain of his offspring." But when nations grew more refined and civilized, this honourable alliance was instituted, by Cecrops, King of Athens, 1556 years before the Christian era. And, in order thereto, laws have been enacted, and nothing more is requisite to a complete marriage, by the laws of England, than "a full and mutual consent between parties." It never suggested itself to the



wise framers thereof, that what is now considered a "sine qua non," with those who are selecting an "uxor," "money" should be one of the primary requisites, or that she who was to be the object elected should have the riches of a Cræsus. How different the custom now, to that which existed among the ancients! Formerly a man purchased a woman to be his wife. Thus, Abraham bought Rebekah, and gave her to his son Isaac for a wife.—Gen. 24. And in the Iliad, Agamemnon offers his daughter to Achilles for a wife, and says, that he would not demand for her any price. The same custom continues among barbarous nations, as the Tartars, Mingreliars, Samoides, &c. and of the Molacca islands. Even so late as the time of Peter I, Russians married without seeing each other; and, before solemnization, the bride received from the bridegroom a present of sweetmeats, soap, and other little things. And in Africa and America, the wife is bought by the husband from the father; but, in England, the wife is the purchaser of her husband, and she that can boast of having the largest fortune has the greater number of admirers, and although I am myself still one of those who come under the appellation of a bachelor, still I cannot but regret, that so many of my own sex are so debased and degenerate as to sacrifice every virtuous principle for the gain of riches. Let me ask any reflecting mind whether it is this that can purchase virtue; whether it is that which can obtain for them that serenity of mind which is the result of a life of rectitude and prudence; and whether this will procure or elicit intrinsic love, that precious gift of Heaven!

It is not, therefore, the possession of the glittering ore that can purchase virtue or happiness, as above defined. Money was not known among the ancients, and the most ordinary way of traffic among men was, by trucking or exchanging commodity for commodity, as in Homer, Glaucus's golden armour was valued at one hundred oxen; and Diomedes's armour at ten oxen. It is money that produces luxury and not happiness; and luxury carries with it a train of manifold pernicious effects upon the mind; corporeal pleasures are all of them selfish, and, when much indulged, tend to make selfishness the leading principle; it besides renders the mind effeminate, as to be subdued by every distress—the slightest pain, whether of mind or body, is a real evil. "The sole glory of the rich man is to consume and destroy; and his grandeur consists in lavishing, in one day, upon the expense of his table, what would procure subsistence for many families." The merchants of Amsterdam, and even of London, within a century, lived with more economy than their clerks do at present; and it is luxury and pride that dictate late marriages. Industry never fails to afford the means of living comfortably, provided men confine themselves to the demands of nature: a young man who has the care of a family upon him, is impelled to be active in order to provide for them.

Here, sir, I lay down my pen, for the moment, but you must allow me to return to the subject in another letter.

I am, &c.

JAMES SINGLE.

#### CADER IDRIS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The writer of the entertaining "Letters from North Wales," in the one published in your journal of yesterday\*, has fallen into another error with respect to the Welsh language, which, as it also involves a piece of local history, (converted by your correspondent's humorous account into a fable,) you will, I am sure, allow me to rectify.

*Cader Idris*, the celebrated Merionethshire mountain, does not mean, as the author of the letter observes, the "chair or seat†," but the *fort or strong hold* of Idris. There are two other mountains in the same county, which have the word *cader* prefixed to their more distinguishing appellation. These are *Cader Penllyn* and *Cader Berwyn*. These and similar names must have owed their origin to the practice adopted by the ancient Britons, of selecting the summits of mountains for the sites of their fortified posts, as is evident from the ruins of several still to be found on some of the highest eminences in North Wales. A similar custom is noticed, both by Cæsar and Florus, to have prevailed amongst the Cantabri, who inhabited that part of Spain now called Biscay. And, upon the final subjugation of that country in the time of Augustus, the Cantabrians were obliged to quit their mountain fortresses for the less secure defences of the plains. I do not recollect, that Cæsar alludes particularly to this mode of fortification amongst the Britons; but, as his operations were chiefly confined to the coast, and that too not the most mountainous part of it, it is probable, that such of the natives as he encountered must have found the woods a more convenient protection. Tacitus, however, seems to advert to this practice of our aboriginal ancestors, in the relation he gives of the defeat both of Caractacus and of Galgacus. Yet the testimony of the Roman historians was by no means wanted in support of a fact, which is not only proved by the antient remains already mentioned, but is also distinctly stated by several old British writers. And a MS. preserved in the Hengwot‡ library, gives a particular account of the first founders of some of these antient *castra*.

With respect to Idris, whom your correspondent has so pleasantly metamorphosed into a giant, he was, although not a giant, a personage of no mean rank in his day; but the precise æra of his existence is uncertain. He is named in the Welsh Triads as one of the "three sublime astronomers of Britain;" and per-

\* See No. 18.

† The Welsh word for *chair* is *cadair*.

‡ In Merionethshire, the seat of Gruffydd Vaughan, Esq.

haps some of your readers may hence conclude, that he had chosen the top of Cader Idris for his observatory. But, without stopping to discuss this point, I wish to mention, that the appellation of *Idris Gawr*, commonly given to this chieftain, has been the sole cause of the absurd fable imposed on your correspondent. *Gawr*, or properly *cawr*, certainly signifies, in the modern use of the word, a *giant*; but by the old British writers it was frequently meant to imply a *prince* or *champion*. Thus a Welsh bard, in the reign of Henry VIII. applies to that monarch the epithet of *cawr*. It would be an easy matter to multiply instances, but the fact is indisputable. It was from an ignorance of the proper meaning of this word, by the way, that Geoffrey, of Monmouth, introduced so many *giants* into his Latin translation of Tyssilio's *Brut y Brenhinoedd*, or Chronicle of the Kings. And, indeed, it was his misapprehension of the language in other respects, that has given to his whole history that air of romance which by no means belongs, at least not nearly in so great a degree, to the original.

July 25th, 1818.

ORDOVEX.

#### ANSWERS TO CHEMICAL QUESTIONS\*.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Permit me to qualify the rather sweeping assertion, in my former letter, that "the chemical queries of S. P. refer to facts which have long been well known to the chemical world." On reference to several chemical works, I find that two of the experiments recommended by S. P. have not hitherto been made; but the results of them, if they were made, can be predicted with extreme probability by any person possessing a moderate knowledge of chemistry.

I am, Sir, your's respectfully,

CRYSTALLOPHILUS.

1. Potassium has been combined with an additional portion of oxygen to that by which it is converted into potash: the result of the operation, which is merely exposing potassium to a gentle heat, in common air, or in oxygene gas, is "an orange-coloured fusible substance."

2. If pure potash be strongly heated it fuses; and, as the peroxide of potassium, above described, gives off its additional portion of oxygen, and becomes potash by the action of intense heat, there is reason to believe that a stream of oxygen gas would have no effect on heated potash.

3. The experiment recommended in the third query has not yet been made; but, from analogy, it may be reasonably presumed that,

4. Potassium and manganese would "combine and form a mixed metal:" and, with respect to the attraction of oxygen by the alloy so formed,

5. That substance would be attracted by each of the combined metals, in the same



Over floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey,  
Over rocks that are steepest  
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
For the glow worm to lie;  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly;  
Where the midge dares not venture,  
Lest herself fast she lay,  
If love come, he will enter  
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him  
A child for his might;  
Or you may deem him  
A coward from his flight;  
But if she whom love doth honour,  
Be conceal'd from the day,  
Set a thousand guards upon her,  
Love will find out his way.

Some think to lose him  
By having him confin'd,  
And some do suppose him,  
Poor thing, to be blind;  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
Do the best that ye may,  
Blind Love, if so ye call him,  
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your feet;  
Or you may inveigle  
The phoenix of the east;  
The lioness, ye may move her  
To give up her prey,  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover,  
He will find out his way.

## PRO BONO PUBLICO.

### THREE INFALLIBLE REMEDIES.

*Cure for the Jaundice.*—Drink plentifully of the decoction of carrots.

*Cure for the Gout.*—Apply to the part affected, a warm leek-poultice.

*Cure for Dysentery.*—Eat moderately of marmalade of quinces.

N. B. *Tincture of goose-grass is an imperial sweetner of the blood.*

PHILADELPHOS\*.

Brixton, Surry,  
12th Aug. 1818.

## ON DREAMS.

Extract from *Letters from the late Rev. Mr. Newton to Mrs. W.*

"I cannot say that dreaming is an extraordinary phenomenon, because it happens to most people, and to many people, almost every night; yet, if it were not so frequent, it would surely be thought wonderful: yea, it is so, though we are, for the most part, wonderfully inattentive to it. In considering it, I spoke of it as designed, by Divine Providence, to give us a standing and experimental proof of two

very important points, which are both much contested and desired by the wise infidels and Sadducees of the present age. First, I think it an unanswerable evidence of the activity of the soul, that it is distinct from the body, and does not necessarily depend upon the body for its perception. In a dream we hear, see, speak, and feel, as distinctly as when we are awake. How wonderful is this! How analogous, in all probability, to the mode of communication which subsists among disembodied spirits! What confounding and diversifying of images; what various scenes and prospects; what real impressions of joy, sorrow, fear, and surprize, do we meet with in our sleeping excursions! Secondly, I consider it a proof not to be gainsaid, that we are surrounded with invisible and powerful agents, who certainly, sometimes at least, are concerned in producing the impressions we feel, and perhaps always. It is evident, I think, that some dreams, even in modern times, are monitory and prophetic, which therefore can, with no appearance of reason, be ascribed to the desultory workings of our own imaginations. And the dreams, which are confused, wild, and trivial, yet with respect to this machinery, are so much of the same nature with those which are more important, that I think it is highly probable they are all equally the effects of a preternatural power which has such an access to us, when our bodily faculties are locked up in sleep, as it cannot obtain when we are distinctly awake, except when the bodily organs are much indisposed, as in the case of deliriums, epilepsies, madness, &c., which may, in my view, be ascribed to the same cause. I can only start a hint, for you to pursue in your thoughts.

"We live in the midst of invisibles—but not the less realities for being invisible; we have legions of good and evil spirits around us, and, the latter, only wait the opportunity of sleep, or indisposition, and then, if the Lord permits them, they are capable of filling us with distress and horror!"

## LETTER II.

"I thank you for your obliging letter. Surely never did I dream so opportunely and a-propos as your Chloe. I should be half angry with her, if I could believe she knew your intention of writing upon the subject, and wilfully dropped asleep in the very nick of time, out of mere spite to my hypothesis, and purposely to furnish you with the most plausible objection against it. I admit the probability of Chloe's dreaming: nay, I allow it to be possible she might dream of pursuing a hare: for though I suppose such an amusement never entered the head of a dog of her breed, when awake, yet as I find my powers and capacities when sleeping, much more enlarged and diversified, than at other times; (so that I can fill up the characters of a prime minister, or a general, or of twenty other great offices, with no small propriety, for which, except when dreaming, I am more unfit than Chloe is to catch a hare;) her faculties, may, perhaps, be equally brightened in her way,

by foreign assistance, as I conceived my own to be. But you beg the question, if you are to determine that Chloe's dreams are produced by mere animal nature. Perhaps you think it impossible that invisible agents should stoop so low as to influence the imagination of a dog. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the laws and ranks of beings in that world, fully to remove the difficulty; but allow it possible, for a moment, that there are such agents, and then suppose that one of them, to gratify the King of Prussia's ambition, causes him to dream that he has overrun Bohemia, desolated Austria, and laid Vienna in ashes; and, that another should, on the same night, condescend to treat Chloe with a chase, and a hare at the end of it: do not you think the latter would be as well and as honourably employed as the former?\*"

## ON DRUNKENNESS.

Prout cuique libido est  
Siccat inequales Cyathos.

## DRUNKENNESS

Expels reason—  
Distempers the body—  
Diminishes strength—  
Inflames the blood—

Causes { Internal } Wounds.  
          { External }  
          { Incurable }

Is

A Witch to the Senses;

A Devil to the Soul;

A Thief to the Purse;

A Beggar's companion;

A Wife's woe;

Children's sorrow;

The Picture of a Beast:

A Self-Murderer,

Who drinks to others good Health,  
and

Robs himself of his own.

ABERDEEN.

## FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A recent work of Madame De Genlis pleads, with great ingenuity, the cause of those almost forgotten female accomplishments, *Knitting* and *Needlework*. Mad. De Genlis observes, that nothing is less becoming to a woman than to appear awkward at such occupations, or to affect a contempt of them. "A woman sitting unemployed, and in a state of total idleness," says she, "seems to assume the attitude of a man; but in so doing she loses the grace which characterises her sex." There are many women who persuade themselves that the occupations particularly allotted to their sex are extremely frivolous; but it is one of the common errors of a depraved taste to confound simplicity with frivolity. The use of the needle is simple, but not frivolous.

\* These letters were written between 1774 and 1790.

\* Philadelphos has favoured us with the above, in common, it should seem, with several of our contemporaries.—ED.



# EPITAPHS IN WREXHAM CHURCH-YARD.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The following Epitaphs are copied from Wrexham Church-Yard, in Flintshire, North Wales.

Your constant reader,  
July 27th, 1818. TAFFY.

Here lies a church-warden,  
A choyce flower in that garden,  
Joseph Critchley by name,  
Who lived in good fame;  
Being gone to his rest,  
Without doubt he is blest.

Here lies John Shore,  
I say no more;  
Who was alive  
In sixty-five.

Here lies interred beneath these stones  
The beard, the flesh, and eke the bones  
Of Wrexham's clerk, old David Jones.

## KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

*Wearing Flannel next the Skin.*—On this questionable practice, a writer thus expresses himself:—

It is a prevalent, but most erroneous, idea, that wearing flannel next the skin improves the health; instead of which, it is decidedly debilitating, and renders the tender and delicate (who all perspire too readily,) still more so. Flannel being a bad conductor of heat, the body is kept, in warm weather, in a constant vapour-bath of its own transpiration, and the salutary access of the air prevented. The ultimate consequences of the excessive excitement of the cutaneous functions are atony and relaxation; perspiration is rendered doubly liable to suppression, and the stomach and digestive organs suffer from direct sympathy. Flannel next the skin is an effectual means of reducing the flesh, as is well known to persons in training jockeys, &c. Doubtless it is highly useful in many diseases, (in determining to the surface), and in old age, to excite the diminished perspiration. Flannel is also proper for those who are much exposed to the inclemencies of the weather; and to soldiers and sailors, in the damps and dews of unwholesome climates. The robust and strong may wear it with impunity; but let the young and delicate beware of putting on flannel, lest they become tender exotics, instead of hardy plants,—like alcohol and spices, it is difficult to lay aside, when once the habit is established.

*Light Female Dress.*—Much is said, remarks the same writer, of the injurious effects of the present fashion of female dress,—the truth of which is greatly to be called in question. It certainly would be more conducive to health, to produce warmth by clothing, rather than by heated rooms. The exemption of the Dutch from pulmonary complaints is a striking

proof of it. But, while rooms are heated to a West India temperature,—by company, fires, lights, &c.—much clothing is not necessary; and, when ladies encounter the external air in winter, their dress is sufficient to guard them against the cold. The feelings, with regard to clothing, are entirely governed by habit: the girl who has never had her arms and neck covered, no more feels the want of it than the bare-legged Scotch-woman—stockings; or a bald-headed man a wig! A Highlander would be miserable, clad as a Dutchman; and a Neapolitan as a Turk.

*Heated Rooms.*—The difference between providing for the warmth of the body by means of clothing, and by those of heated rooms, is certainly important, and more immediately as the effect upon the organs of respiration is so plainly to be distinguished in the two cases. A bracing atmosphere promotes the action of the lungs; the action of the lungs the circulation of the blood; and the circulation of the blood the animal both internally and on the surface, and thus even lessens the necessity for warming clothing. Heated rooms, (that is, a heated atmosphere) on the other hand, diminishes the action of the lungs, retards the circulation, and induces general debility, and want of internal animal heat, therefore, ultimately, an increased necessity for warm clothing. Notwithstanding, in the contrast which the writer above quoted has suggested between the costumes of the Neapolitan and the Turk, the truth is, that the inhabitants of Italy do very much practice the rule here adverted to—warming themselves by clothing, rather than by fires. No small portion of the year, in Italy, is wet and chilly; and the *conversazziones* of the Italians, instead of consisting in crowded assemblies, in small sultry rooms, like the *parties* in London, are comparatively small parties, collected in spacious and lofty rooms, with stone floors and stuccoed walls, and without fire-places, in which the guests actually suffer from the cold. To these *parties*, the ladies bring small chafing-dishes, on the coal of which they burn odoriferous substances, and over which their hands are continually held, to catch the heat. The men draw together, and cover themselves with their cloaks, or occasionally warm their hands at some fair one's chafing-dish. This practice, indeed, of depending upon clothing, rather than fires, for the heat of the body, may account for much of the warm clothing of the southern nations, as the Spaniards, Italians, and even the Turks of Constantinople.

*Climates of Italy, and other parts of the South of Europe.*—Much of the misconception which has formerly prevailed in England concerning the supposed unequivocal superiority of the southern climates to our own, has recently given way to the more enlarged acquaintance with them, which both the late wars, and the present peace, have afforded to so many of our countrymen. A very large proportion of cold damp weather, is among other incon-

veniences, complained of. That there has been no change in those climates is improbable; but travellers observe, that the old houses in Italy are without fire places, while the new ones are provided with them. Doubtless this is only a change of customs. When our troops, in Sicily and other parts of Italy, have had Italian houses assigned to them for quarters, their first care has been to construct fire-places, and thus ventilate the damp stone apartments.

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## The Drama.

**HAYMARKET.**—The last new comedy produced at this Theatre, under the title of "*The Green Man*," has been played every evening during the preceding fortnight, with universal approbation, and still continues to attract crowded houses. It is from the pen of Mr. Jones, and is, with little alteration, (excepting in the title) a translation of "*L'Homme Gris*," a three-act comedy in prose, (the joint production of Messrs. Daubigny and Ponjol) which was brought forward at the Theatre de l'Odeon, about a year ago. The moral tendency of the piece is to prove that the charms of domestic life and moderate desires are preferable to the false enjoyments of a vain ostentation.

The following is a brief outline of the plot:—

*Sir George Squander*, who has married a woman of great worth and beauty, but of humble origin, and thereby forfeited the favour of his rich uncle, *Lord Rocroft*, who had intended to make him his heir, lives in the most fashionable style, and becomes the dupe of half the sharpers in town. In the course of his career of dissipation, he frequently encounters the reproof of the *Green Man*, and all his acquaintances are handled by the same mysterious character with unsparing severity. Though repulsive in his manners, the dignified deportment and superior intelligence of this singular personage ensure him respect, and those who smart most under his lash, judge it prudent to stifle their resentment. In the progress of the piece, *Sir George* is seen at the mercy of *Closefist*, an usurer, and the latter, at the instigation of the *Green Man*, arrests his debtor. The stranger who had been accustomed to expose the hollowness of the friendship professed by those who were most constant in their attendance upon *Sir George* in the day of his prosperity, is now called upon to shew the true character of his own; but he refuses to pay any thing for him, and is supposed to be as deficient in generosity as the others. *Crackley*, a young fop, who is in love with *Bertha*, the sister of *Lady Squander*, proves an exception, and does all in his power to liberate *Sir George*; but this is at last effected by disposing of a necklace, which *Bertha* had received from the hands of the *Green Man*. *Lord Rocroft* arrives, and offers to terminate the embarrassments of *Sir George*, if he and his Lady will consent to a separation. They refuse to accede to this proposition, and their noble relative is about to leave them to their fate, when the *Green Man*, who thinks *Sir George* has now been sufficiently punished, interferes, and reminding *Lord Rocroft* of what had occurred in former days, and in particular of the manner in which the will of his father had been garbled, so as to keep his brother out of a large sum of money that had been left to him, compels his Lordship on the instant to pay *Squander's*

debts, to tear the deed of separation which he had prepared, and to hand over to the lady, whose marriage with his nephew had so much offended him, the sum of 40,000*l.* which ought to have been paid to the father of *Sir George*. Repentance and universal reconciliation follow.

This analysis, though long, does not contain all the details of the action; but it is enough to prove that, in regard to the contexture, the *Green Man* is a very tolerable drama. The French piece, of which it is avowedly a translation, is said to have been extremely popular with the Parisian public, and the subject, we understand, was taken by Daubigny and Ponjol from a novel of the indefatigable Augustus La Fontaine.

The leading idea is by no means a new one, and it would be easy to make many comparisons between this piece, and others of its cast, which would not be to the advantage of either the *Green Man* or its original. It must be confessed, however, that several of the scenes, in particular those in the last act, are well conducted and excite much curiosity in the auditors.

The parts of the *Green Man*, by Terry, *Bertha*, by Miss E. Blanchard, and *Crackley*, by Jones, are the best drawn, although *Major Dumpling*, by Tokely, is certainly not the least effective in exciting the risibility of the spectators. All the rest are extremely weak; that of the waiting maid is wholly useless.

The causticity of the *Green Man* contrasted with the meanness and folly of the other characters could not but furnish some striking traits, which the author has not let slip; but, too often, the pleasantries are not suggested by the situation of the parties.

## Original Poetry.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,  
Book I. 9.

*The Earth changed into various Animals—the slaying of the Python by Apollo—and his Institution of the Pythian Games in consequence.*

**EARTH**, of her own accord now heated, swarms  
With other creatures under other forms;  
The lakes, and moisten'd marshes, e'en the mire  
Grows pregnant by the sun's creating fire;  
The fruitful seeds o'er the nutritious plain,  
As in a womb, their sev'ral natures gain.  
As when the seven-mouth'd Nile sinks off the fields,  
And its waves to their wonted channel yields;  
When the new slime just feels the genial heat,  
And husbandmen their labours first repeat;  
Oft are new bodies by the ploughs upturn,  
Some are in motion, some but partly born,  
Some have no limbs, some have one-half alive,  
One half which cannot yet to birth arrive:  
Moisture and heat are then together hurl'd,  
And these produce the creatures of the world;  
For when parts heated and parts moist contend,  
They quickly into life whole bodies send,

And discord towards good, not harm, is forc'd to bend.

Thus, then, the earth, drench'd by the recent floods,

Refresh'd by warmth, produces countless broods;

Part from the ruin have been left behind,  
And part are new, and of a different kind;  
And, though unwilling, yet by Nature driv'n,  
Brings forth the greatest monster under heav'n,  
Python—a brute of size unseen by men,  
Just born like these—nor will be seen again;  
Python—for mortals fearful to behold;  
So vast a space its numerous coils enfold;  
A god, who ne'er has used his winged darts  
But in pursuit of goats and flying harts—  
Phœbus, to rid the world of such a monster tries,

But long it all his strength and skill defies;  
At last (the god without an arrow stood!)  
It dies wide weltring in its pois'nous blood.  
That pow'rful time his glory mayn't destroy,  
Apollo hastens, in his gen'rous joy,  
And sacred games appoints, for contests fam'd,  
And Pythian, from the vanquish'd Python, nam'd:

Here the proud youth, who conquers in the course

On foot, or urges best the harness'd horse;  
Who comes off victor on the boxing ground,  
Is with the oak's broad leaves in honour crown'd:

Of any tree (for laurels grew not yet)  
The god a chaplet round his temples set.

G. J. B.

## ON A LITTLE BOY.

CHEERFUL, sportive, blandly smiling,  
Happy still, and still beguiling;  
Always merry, always gay,  
Reviving with each dawn of day.  
Let these graces ne'er be wanting,  
Ere the youthful days are gone,  
Sweetly pleasing, all enchanting,  
Graces which a child should own.  
Ready strung, the lyre shall raise,  
Each a note, a tribute to the praise.  
Yes; swell in praise of youthful days.

Portsmouth, 26th Aug. 1818.

NISBY.

## TO ————.

HAIL, Scottish maid! thy sparkling eye,  
Does the diamond's blaze outvie,  
Thy lip—the ruby's glow  
Thy cheeks surpass the blushing rose,  
Their fairness, too, no lily knows;  
Thy teeth—a pearly row.

Sweet maid of Scotia's land! to thee  
Fair Venus bears the palm! to thee!  
Nature's master-piece divine!  
Ne'er again could she outvie thee,  
Every trial would belie thee,  
Lady, true perfection's thine!

Portsmouth, 26th Aug. 1818.

NISBY.

## A LADY'S CHOICE.

*Supposed to be written by Herself.*

WHENE'ER to change my present state,  
Kind Heav'n shall decree,  
Be this the model of my mate:—  
In mind and body free,



Let honour all his actions guide,  
Be upright and sincere;  
Let Virtue in his breast reside,  
And lodge sweet Pity there.

I let him have never been the cause  
Of injur'd virgin's tears;  
Or sorrows which, by Nature's laws,  
The feeling parent bears.

In learning and in sense complete,  
And wholly free from pride;  
No foppish dress, but, plain and neat,  
Have reason on his side.

Let him be gen'rous, brave, and kind,  
And then, oh! may I prove,  
The woman suiting to his mind,  
That he can only love!

Blest with a partner to my heart,  
While life's so shortly spann'd,  
Naught shall divide, till death shall part,  
The matrimonial band.

1810.

T. W. K.

# SONNET.

## A SAUCY CHILD TO HER AUNT.

(MEM. Written after looking over a file of old Examiners.)

I WELL remember once you told me, aunt,  
(You swore it too, and that by your white wiggy)

That you would take me out, if I should want,  
A riding round the fields in our old giggy,  
(Which is as nice as country dancing—jiggy—)  
If I would never say, "I sha'n't" again:—  
But me! I'm treated worse than little piggy,  
For he, in sack, hath often had a jaunt,  
So I shall say 't again, od dash my viggy;

And yet—somehow—I'm loth to go the rig;—  
But why should you be shilly-shally, aunt?  
I'm sure 'tis plain you do not care a fig  
Whether I do, or whether I do not, jaunt,  
So be a good girl, oh! oh! I can't, I can't.

BEPPO.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

After making the requisite selection, we have still before us so large a parcel of Communications for which we intend to find places, that we must absolutely abstain from entering upon particular acknowledgements or promises concerning each. Those designed for insertion will appear at the earliest opportunities.

We have discontinued to place at the head of our epistolary communications, the distinctive head of "ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE." As that title in reality belongs to by far the greater part of the contents of our Paper, whether written in the epistolary form or not; its former peculiar application was, in reality, unmeaning. We take this occasion of repeating, that with respect to none of our articles, do we hold ourselves to more than a general responsibility; and that all particulars of style, sentiment, or fact, rest with the writers of each. All are open to the animadversions of all our Correspondents, and it is often our individual wish to see

what we ourselves conceive to be errors, replied to and corrected.

The signature P. C., in our last number, should have been P. Q.

Our Welsh articles continue to draw to us a variety of ancient British communications, by which we are much obliged, and of which we shall find occasion to take further notice. Gratifying as it is to us to find the great number of the ingenious persons among the public, whom our humble Paper reckons as its contributors, we are in no instance more pleased than in that of observing how many intelligent Welshmen compose a part of our Correspondents.

A Correspondent will see, that the great length of his communication has obliged us to divide it into two parts.

Corrections of errata in some of our late numbers must be deferred till the close of our Second Quarterly Part.

Complete sets of the Literary Journal may now be had of our Publisher.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE**, No. XVII., will be published on the First of September, by Mr. MURRAY, Albemarle Street, of whom may be had the former Numbers.

### I.

#### UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*Speedily will be published,*

A Copy of a Paper presented, in December 1812, to the Right Honourable Earl Bathurst, &c. &c. &c., entitled REASONS FOR THE CONQUEST OF LOUISIANA; to which is added, Additional Remarks, occasioned by the passing Events in Florida.

By E. A. KENDALL, Esq., F. A. S.

"The British threatened to dispossess us of New Orleans, and shut at once the great outlet of the Western Country."

*National Intelligencer, July 7, 1818.*

### II.

#### ENGLAND'S DOMESTIC CRISIS.

By the same Author.

**ENGLAND'S DOMESTIC CRISIS:** a plea for the Constitution and for the Country.

"Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!"—Milton.

\* \* In this work the Author will inquire, 1. What is the Constitution of England? 2. In what manner, and from what causes, are we now threatened with its loss? 3. What would be the consequences, to all classes of Englishmen, and to the whole world, of such a loss? and, 4. What means are yet left in our hands, for preventing its occurrence?

### III.

#### COLONIAL JOURNAL.

THE Editor of the Colonial Journal has the pleasure to assure the Readers of that Work, that he has surmounted the obstacles which have for some time prevented its regular quarterly Publication, and that, in a very few Months, he will have wholly recovered the lost time. It is his intention to publish, in September next, the Fourth Number, which has been so long deficient; and, at the same time, No. IX. containing Views of the present posture of Affairs in Ceylon, the Arctic Expeditions, West India and North American Affairs, &c. &c. On the first of November will appear Nos. VII. and X., and on the first of January, 1819, Nos. VIII. and XI.; on the first of February, No. XII.; and on the first of April, No. XIII., from which period the Colonial Journal will be published regularly on the 1st of January, April, July, and October, in each Year.

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